Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS OAKS, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

KEPWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Mr. Knight Captain, F. A. C. Stuart, J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lacy, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Joe. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

There was a long and busy session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, during which much important business was transacted. The board found a number of matters that it was desirable that the council should pass upon promptly, so it was voted to call that body together on January 27. Of course the budget will not be ready at that time, but it will undoubtedly come earlier than before.

Weekly bills and pay rolls were approved and several minor licenses were granted. The Providence Telephone Company was granted permission to lay an underground conduit on Green street, after Chief Kirwin had explained the conduit system to the board. Bids were opened for receiving the city deposits, the contract being awarded to the National Exchange Bank at a bonus of $4101. Bids were also received from the Newport Trust Company and the Aquidneck National Bank. The Industrial Trust Company was the lowest bidder for furnishing $50,000 in anticipation of taxes, and got the contract at 4.45 per cent.

The matter of advertising for bids for the collection of city refuse was taken up, but it was decided to ask the city solicitor for an opinion as to the legality of the laborers' pay ordinance passed by the council. The advertising for bids will not be begun until this question is settled.

Bids were opened for bonding the city officers, four bids being received. These were from J. H. O'Neill, Jr., William Williams, J. B. Parsonage & Son, and Sheffield & Harvey. The figures were the same in each case. The board deadlocked over the question, there being three votes for Williams and three for Parsonage. The matter was left open, to see if it cannot be adjusted.

Chief Kirwin reported that Guy Norman had agreed to loan to the city a small piece of land adjoining fire headquarters for the erection of a coal bin for storage of coal for the steamers. During the last fire there was considerable delay in obtaining coal owing to the fact that the coal dealers had to be awakened. The board extended its thanks to Mr. Norman for his courtesy. The Chief also stated that a hydrant on the sidewalk at the old Bruen estate had been enclosed by a barricade and asked the board to have the street commissioner take action to give free access to the hydrant. The matter was referred to Alderman Kelly.

There was considerable discussion of Beach matters. Manager McGowan and other officers of the Newport Beach Association were present and explained their plans for the improvements to be made by the Association. They were authorized to go ahead as soon as they wish. They were given authority to erect a roller coaster, but the board will designate the location where it is to be placed. The matter of plans to be reported to the council for the city's part of the improvements will be further discussed at a meeting of the board next Tuesday evening.

Mr. James P. Cozzens has returned to his duties at the Newport Trust Company, after being housed by illness for two weeks.

Committee of 25.

The committee of 25 held its second meeting on Tuesday evening, and managed to get considerable business out of the way, ready for report to the council. Many petitions, resolutions, etc., were referred to the proper sub-committees for further consideration, while a number of important matters, that the whole committee deals with, were approved and placed on the budget.

The resolution to appropriate $1000 for observance of the centennial of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, introduced by Mr. Garrettson, met with instant approval and was placed on the budget. The resolution for improvement to the bridge and road over the creek was referred to a committee to confer with the Middletown authorities. On the resolution to appropriate $10,000 for a sewer for the Gum Factory district, it was voted to have the city engineer make a plan and estimate.

The committee then ran over a number of routine items, some of which were approved and some sent to sub-committees. A special sub-committee was appointed to consider all office expenses, which will include the matter of telephones. Another special committee was appointed to learn how long it will take to complete the indexing and preservation of records, and how much the cost will be.

There was some talk about the report of the committee on new police station, and the city solicitor was directed to have a resolution presented to the council, instructing him to appear before the Legislature and ask for authority to condemn land on the south side of Market square for a site for the station. There was some talk about including the north side of the square, but it was finally left to include only the south side.

The Almy pond matter was taken up, and it was voted to request the council to continue the old committee to take care of certain of their own recommendations.

The various sub-committees are now at work on their portion of the budget, and it is hoped to have the whole report ready for submission to the council at an unusually early date.

To go to Washington.

At the regular monthly meeting of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., held with Mrs. E. J. Tanner on Tuesday evening, delegates and alternates to attend the annual Continental Congress at Washington during the week beginning April 14th, were elected as follows: Delegates—Mrs. John P. Sanborn, Regent, and Mrs. T. Fred Kauffmann, Vice Regent. Alternates for the Regent—Mrs. Susan J. B. Tilley, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. Edmund J. Tanner, Miss Jenckes, Mrs. Alfred H. Burnham, Mrs. Alexander J. Fludder. Alternates for the Vice Regent—Miss Edith May Tilley, Mrs. Harry A. Titus, Mrs. William J. Underwood, Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, Mrs. David T. Pinniger, Mrs. Thomas Burlingham.

This has been a good winter for out door work thus far and the carpenters have taken advantage of the condition and have done a good deal of building. In fact there has been more building this winter than there has been for many winters. In the Broadway district many good houses have gone up, and more are to be built before the summer is here.

The contemplated trip of Washington Commandery to Washington in April is going to be a very popular one. The ladies are going too and that will make it still more popular. It is expected that they will take very nearly, if not quite, one hundred people on this trip.

Dr. Charles W. Stewart and Miss Laura V. Stewart of this city are beneficiaries under the will of the late William W. Stewart of Fall River to the amount of $1000 each.

The Democrats in the General Assembly will bestow the empty honor of being balloted for for U. S. Senator upon State Senator Addison P. Munro of Providence.

Mrs. Franklin, wife of ex-Mayor, Hon. Robert S. Franklin, who fell and broke her right arm some weeks ago, is improving as rapidly as could be expected.

Election of Officers.

Newport National Bank.

President—George W. Sherman.
Vice President—Albert K. Sherman.
Directors—Albert K. Sherman, George W. Sherman, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., William Stevens, Simon Hart.

National Exchange Bank.

President—Edward A. Brown.
Directors—David Braman, Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, Frederick B. Coggeshall, Ralph R. Barker.

Aquidneck National Bank.

President—Peter King.
Vice President—Samuel McAdam.
Directors—Samuel McAdam, Peter King, Angus MacLeod, Christopher F. Barker, Charles A. Brackett, Thomas H. Congdon, Isaac L. Sherman, Lewis L. Simmons, Jr., Guy Norman, William H. Hemmett, John C. Seabury.

No More Passes.

The street railways and other public utilities of this section of the State have found it necessary to discontinue the giving of free passes, under the law creating the public utilities commission. Section 41 of that law provides that: "It shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation knowingly to solicit, accept or receive any rebate, concession or discrimination in respect to any service in, or affecting, or relating to, the transportation of persons or property," etc., "whereby such service shall by any device whatsoever or otherwise be rendered free," etc. A fine of not less than $50 nor more than $500 is provided for violation of this provision.

There is special provision for newspaper transportation in exchange for advertising, Sec. 42 of the law providing that "With the approval of the commission any public utility operating a railroad or street railway may furnish to the publishers of newspapers and magazines, and to their employees, passenger transportation in return for advertising in such newspapers or magazines at full rates."

H. E. Chase and M. T. Leary have bought all the material in the cellar of the Weaver building and are busily engaged in getting it out. They were the highest bidders, and it is reported that they gave about $900. It is expected that considerable stock will be found that is of value, in addition to the large amount of junk that can be profitably disposed of. It is stated that a boy picked out of the ruins a short time ago a revolver in as good condition as when it was turned out of the factory, and it is believed that there will be found many valuable articles in good condition. It is a speculation that may turn out well and may not. The work of the diggers attracts many spectators.

Newport's old Board of Trade will probably be rejuvenated and considerable new blood added if present plans are carried out. There was a meeting of the survivors of the old board on Thursday evening, Secretary Commerford calling the meeting to order. Mr. Thomas P. Peckham was elected temporary chairman, and a number of new names were presented for membership. Mr. Frederick B. Coggeshall was directed to procure a charter for the organization. There was an informal discussion of several matters, and then the meeting adjourned.

Considerable advance interest had been manifested in the case set down for trial in the District Court on Tuesday, F. P. Garrettson vs. Alva E. Belmont. The case did not come to trial, however, as a settlement was made. This was a suit on book account, Mrs. Belmont having refused to pay the bill because the vouchers that she required were not forthcoming. Before the case came to trial the vouchers were found and the bill was settled.

The Mayor and Board of Aldermen paid a visit to the Beach last Sunday afternoon, and looked over the ground with a view to getting a better understanding of the improvements proposed by the lessees. Some of the plans met with instant approval, while on some other features the board was desirous of going further than was contemplated by the management. Everything was harmonious and the board will give the plans careful study before making a report to the council.

An active campaign for new members and for better financial support among the business men is being conducted by the Y. M. C. A. A large committee has been appointed, and is now at work along these lines. It is hoped to raise a fund of $7500 and to secure many new members. The Association plans to broaden the scope of its work so that it may become a factor in the business life of Newport, as well as in a religious and social way.

Claims amounting to ten million dollars have been filed against the owners of the lost steamer Titanic for loss of lives in the disaster some months ago. One woman filed a claim for one million for the loss of her husband, and another woman wants three hundred thousand dollars. The company claim that they are not liable for anything in excess of one hundred thousand dollars.

The stockholders of the Newport Gas Light Company have re-elected the former board of directors, as follows: Andrew K. Quinn, Thomas A. Lawton, Packer Braman, William R. Hunter, Henry C. Anthony. Andrew K. Quinn has been re-elected president and Thomas A. Lawton secretary.

The committee of twenty five is getting down to work and expect to have the tax budget ready for the representative council to act upon several weeks earlier than last year.

Robert Treat Paine Storer, a grandson of Dr. Horatio R. Storer of this city, has been elected captain of the Harvard football team for the next season.

School Committee.

The school committee met and organized for the year at its regular weekly meeting on Monday evening, Dr Barker being elected chairman for his twentieth term, and Mr. Lull being elected superintendent and clerk for his fourteenth term. The various standing and sub-committees were appointed, and the committee was fully organized.

Superintendent Lull called for the credentials of the new members and then called for nominations for chairman. There was but one nominee, Dr. C. F. Barker, and he was unanimously re-elected, and took the chair. The salary of the superintendent and clerk was fixed at $3000, the same as heretofore, and Mr. Lull was the only nominee for the position, being re-elected unanimously.

Mr. Lull read his regular monthly report, containing the following items:

The total enrollment for four weeks ending December 20, 1912, was 3,892, the average number belonging 3600.6, the average daily attendance 3281.9, the per cent of attendance 95.7, the cases of tardiness 832, and the cases of dismissal 59. The increase in enrollment since September 9, was 405.

In the Townsend Industrial School 1189 have been enrolled.

Board of Health.

Since December 6, 7 cases of scarlet fever and 15 cases of diphtheria have been reported. Of the scarlet fever cases 5 and of the diphtheria 9 were in the public schools. These cases excluded 28 other pupils.

Grade IX.

For the purpose of causing thought and discussion by the pupils and their parents, rather than with the expectation of getting positive results, the members of grade IX were asked, after due notice, to answer over their own signatures the following questions:

1—Do you hope to go next year to the Rogers?

2—Do you hope to go after the regular course in the Rogers to some higher institution?

3—What future vocation do you prefer?

Of the 211 pupils answering 181 hoped to go to the Rogers next September, or 85.7 per cent. Of the class that graduated last June 162 received diplomas, 148 certificates to the Rogers, and 117 entered Rogers in September. The per cent. based on the diplomas list is 72 and on the certificate list 79. It is probable, therefore, that about the same per cent. will enter next year. Of the 30 who did not hope to enter the Rogers four expect to go to other schools; the remainder with one exception have a definite occupation in view.

To the second question 104 answered that they hoped to go to some higher institution beyond the Rogers. If half of this number should go, it would be an extraordinary record.

To the third question the answers are still more astonishing, because of the range of vocation that they cover. After combining the variations of somewhat similar occupations there were 42 different answers. Of the boys 11, and of the girls 6, had nothing definite in view.

The list of vocations is as follows: Typewriter, stenographer, or both, 27; machinist 23, musician 17, teacher 17, bookkeeper 12, electrician 12, draftsman 9, dressmaker 9, navy 7, civil engineer 6, nurse 5, private secretary 5, physician 4, farmer 3, housekeeper 3, lawyer 3, base ball player 2, carpenter 2, civil service clerk 2, druggist 2, sailor 2, and one each for the following: Actor, artist, aviator, blacksmith, chauffeur, clerk, dentist, designer editor, engineer, engraver, grocer, lady's maid, librarian, mining engineer, painter (not artist), priest, storekeeper, surveyor, telephone, operator, wireless operator.

Rogers.

At the last meeting a member of this board asked what proportion of the pupils in the elementary grades enters the high school. This question was due to the constantly reiterated statement that only seven pupils in 100 reach the high school.

The unfairest method which will produce the lowest per cent in Newport is this: Find the ratio of the 117 of the class of last June who entered the Rogers in September to the registration of the same class nine years ago when it was in grade I. No one acquainted with school matters would do such an absurd thing, because every one knows that in grade I the pupils represent two years instead of one. They enter at various times in the year, they are subject to colds and diseases peculiar to childhood, and therefore many cannot be promoted. On this basis, however, the ratio is 117 to 434, or 28.9 per cent—that is, instead of seven per cent, or 30 pupils, there are 117.

It would be more sensible to use the registration in grade II (eight years ago), for in grade II the pupils are becoming constant. On this basis the ratio is 117 to 378, or 30.9 per cent—that is, instead of 7 per cent, or 26 pupils, there are 117.

Again, the average registration of the nine Junes is 309, and 117 is 37.8 per cent of this number—that is, instead of seven per cent, or 22 pupils, there are 117.

We have then, for Newport, instead of seven per cent, 28.9 per cent, 30 per cent, and 37.8 per cent. The Commissioner of Education of the United States has just published the statement that the percent for the whole country is 22 if the negro schools are included, and 25 if whites only are counted.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 167; number of cases of truancy (public 14, parochial 5), 19; number out for illness and other causes, 148; number of different children truants, 18; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public school, 4; number sent to parochial school, 0; number of certificates issued (14-16 years), 8; number of certificates issued to children over 16 years of age, under factory inspection law, 2. On December 11 a boy was arraigned as an habitual school truant. He pleaded guilty and was placed on probation.

The report of the finance committee showed receipts and expenditures for the past year and the estimated receipts and expenditures for 1913, as follows:

Expenditures.

	1912	1913
Teachers, day	$2,195.50	$1,927.00
Teachers, evening	911.65	1,000.00
Supervision	8,000.00	8,000.00
Truant officer	1,200.0	1,200.00
Clerk	850.00	850.00
Janitors	11,500.00	11,850.00
Printing	931.41	800.00
Incidentals	916.61	900.00
Fuel	7,072.38	6,700.00
Books of reference	719.31	900.00
Text-books	2,298.51	2,300.00
Apparatus	345.85	300.00
Supplies	3,252.16	3,000.00
Repairs, regular	9,465.91	9,000.00
Repairs, special	1,000.00	1,000.00
Furniture	476.93	500.00
Light and power	768.76	900.00
Telephones	867.73	875.00
	$137,868.19	$140,032.00

Receipts.

	1912	1913
Rogers fund	4,000.00	4,000.00
Coles fund	2,600.00	2,600.00
Tuition	5,650.42	5,000.00
Poll taxes	460.00	400.00
State appropriations	6,900.45	6,900.00
Refund	5.20	
City appropriations	118,420.00	120,173.00
Playgrounds	1,800.00	1,800.00

After some explanation, the report was accepted, and the finance committee was directed to appear before the committee of 25 and urge its adoption as a part of the budget for the year. It was voted that the board of sinking fund commissioners be requested to turn over to the committee $1000 from the Ellen Townsend fund for repairs and improvements at the Townsend Industrial School. Superintendent Lull was given permission to attend the annual meeting of school superintendents in Philadelphia in February. There was some informal talk about the report on the Clarke school but no action was taken.

Chairman Barker announced the appointment of the standing and sub-committees as follows:

Finance—T. P. Peckham, W. J. Cozzens, Rev. M. F. Reddy.

Teachers—Rev. E. H. Porter, Mrs. Marsh, Dr. Barker.

Text-books and Curriculum—Miss Hunter, Mrs. Marsh, Rev. M. F. Reddy.

Buildings and Janitors—R. C. Bachelier, Dr. Darrah, W. W. Covell.

Fuel and Supplies—H. C. Stevens, W. W. Covell, J. P. Sullivan.

Playgrounds—Dr. Darrah, W. W. Covell, J. P. Sullivan.

Evening Schools—T. P. Peckham, R. C. Bachelier, H. C. Stevens.

Sub-committees:

Rogers High—Porter, Covell, Barker.

Townsend Industrial—Miss Hunter, Reddy, Darrah.

Callender—Miss Hunter, Mrs. Marsh, Porter.

Calvert—Stevens, Cozzens, Darrah.

Carey—Mrs. Marsh, Reddy, Porter.

Clarke—Cozzens, Covell, Bachelier.

Coddington—Bachelier, Darrah, Sullivan.

Coggeshall—Peckham, Darrah, Bachelier.

Cranston—Darrah, Peckham, Stevens.

Lenthal—Porter, Mrs. Marsh, Sullivan.

Mumford—Covell, Stevens, Miss Hunter.

Parish—Mrs. Marsh, Covell, Cozzens.

Potter—Reddy, Miss Hunter, Sullivan.

Thayer—Cozzens, Peckham, Reddy.

Recent Deaths.

Amon Parmenter.

Mr. Amon Parmenter, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Newport, died at his residence on Mount Vernon street on Sunday, after an illness that had confined him to his bed for just a year. He was in his ninety-first year, being within a month of his ninety-first birthday, and death was due to diseases incident to old age.

Mr. Parmenter was a descendant of an old New England family, his ancestors having come from England in 1640 and settled in Sudbury, Mass. He was born in Sudbury on February 4, 1822, and received such education as the schools of his town afforded. At the early age of thirteen years, he went to work in a cotton mill, but after a couple of years at that work he went to Boston where he learned the dry goods business while employed as a clerk in his brother's store.

In 1843 Mr. Parmenter came to Newport and opened up a large store to deal in dry goods and notions, being in partnership with his brother, Henry. In 1858 Amon Parmenter bought out his brother's interest and carried on the business alone for twenty years, when he sold it to his two nephews, Gardiner S. and Joseph T. Perry. Since that time Mr. Parmenter had not engaged in active business but had taken an active interest in all that went on around him. He was a familiar figure on the streets for many years, his kindly, venerable air, and snow-white locks attracting attention wherever he went. He was a member of the Channing Memorial Church, and also of the Newport Historical Society.

Mr. Parmenter is survived by one son, Mr. Joseph G. Parmenter. His wife, who was a daughter of the late Joseph G. Stevens, died about two years ago, after they had enjoyed a happy married life of nearly 69 years.

Newport County Pomona Grange will hold its January meeting at Fair Hall on Tuesday next.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Aquidneck Grange installed its new officers at the first meeting in January, a large number being present. Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckham, conducted an extended business session previous to the installation. November 30 was decided upon as the date for closing the fiscal year. It was voted to entertain the Newport County Pomona Grange at its April meeting. Many of the prominent officers of the County Grange were present including the Master, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox and the secretary, Miss Clover L. Hambly, both of Tiverton, who assisted Mrs. Bertha M. Spooner of Exeter Grange in the installation service. A communication from Kingston College announced the fourth annual special course at the Agricultural College on farming, February 5-7. The reports of the secretary, Mrs. Wm. C. Hubbell, and the treasurer, Henry C. Sherman, were read and accepted. The present membership of Aquidneck Grange is 131; 75 men, 59 women. 38 new members have been received the past year and several more applicants are already on the waiting list. The following officers were installed: Worthy Master, Mrs. May Chase Spooner; Overseer, John Nicholson; Lecturer, George L. Sisson; Steward, William C. Spooner; Assistant Steward, Joseph Murphy; Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Medora May Ward; Chaplain, Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham; Secretary, Mrs. Alice Peckham Hubbell; Treasurer, Henry C. Sherman; Gate Keeper, John Henry Anthony; Ceres, Miss Marie Vanicek; Flora, Miss Agnes Murphy; Pomona, Miss Helen Coggeshall.

Remarks were made by the retiring Master, who is now Master of the R. I. State Grange, Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, by Worthy Master, Mrs. Wilcox of the Newport County Pomona, by Mrs. Spooner, past lecturer of Aquidneck, and one of its charter members, and Overseer of Portsmouth Grange, Mr. Jesse Durfee.

The junior Branch, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, of Holy Cross Church, is preparing to give the play "Dora," soon after Easter.

As the result of an unsuccessful operation performed last Saturday, Mrs. Hattie Grinnell Brody, youngest sister of the late R. Jason Grinnell, died at Henniker, N. H. Her nephew, Mr. E. Robert Grinnell, attended the funeral on Wednesday, being joined at Providence by his mother, Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, formerly of Middletown.

A successful whist and dance was given at the Berkeley Parish house on Tuesday evening by the Misses Lusanna Allen and Marguerite Ritchie, for the benefit of the parish house fund. Eight tables were played, the prizes being won by Miss Sarah Peckham and Mr. John Smith. Light refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. Ida Calvert. The Misses Marie Vanicek and Agnes Murphy played for dancing.

The postponed monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society on Tuesday had but a small attendance owing to a misunderstanding concerning the date. The president and vice president being absent, Mrs. Edward E. Wells conducted the meeting.

Mrs. Edward J. Peckham was unable to entertain the Paradise Club this week owing to the serious condition of her mother, Mrs. Samuel I. Carr of Newport. Mrs. Peckham and her sisters, Mrs. Stephen H. Underwood of Middletown, and Mrs. George W. Smith of Newport, have alternated in visiting and caring for their mother. A nurse has been installed the past week. No hopes are entertained of Mrs. Carr's recovery. Mrs. Restcom S. Peckham acted as hostess in Mrs. Peckham's place. The subject, "Women in Business" was presented by Mrs. John Nicholson.

The Paradise Club and the officers of the Newport County Women's Suffrage League have been invited by the Oliphant Club to hear Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham of the Current Topics Club, Newport, who will present a paper upon "Child Welfare Work" at the home of Mrs. Gertrude Wilbor Friday afternoon.

The meeting of the Ladies Aid Society Wednesday afternoon was followed by a New England Supper served under the direction of the president, Mrs. Mary Weaver Lawton. There was a large attendance. In the evening a meeting of the Epworth League was held which was conducted by the president, Mrs. Livesey Brown. Six applications for membership were accepted, and the League voted to contribute $5.00 towards the furnishing of a League room at the Deaconess Home, Providence. The social hour was conducted by Miss May Ward who presented a program of music, readings and games.

Mrs. Annie Tilley of Providence, well known in Temperence Work in the state, and with a wide circle of relatives here and in Newport, met with a most painful double accident in the laundry at her home last week, falling and breaking one arm in two places, and in trying to save herself, pulling down upon her a kettle of hot water and scalding her other arm the entire length. Mrs. Tilley is in the late seventies and has only within a year recovered from a fractured hip, the result of a fall on an icy pavement some three years ago.

Peleg Almy Coggeshall.

Mr. Peleg Almy Coggeshall died at his home in Portsmouth on Friday after a considerable illness, having suffered for some time from infirmities due to his advanced years. He was in his ninety-first year, and was one of the oldest and most highly respected men on the whole Island. He was born in Portsmouth on August 10, 1822, and had always been engaged in farming. He had held several offices of trust in the town. He was a descendant of a distinguished old colonial family, his first New England ancestor being John Coggeshall, who came to Boston in 1632.

Mr. Coggeshall is survived by a daughter, Mrs. John Ireys of Newport, and a son, Mr. Charles P. Coggeshall of Massachusetts.

SHENANDOAH

By
HENRY TYRRELL

Founded on
BRONSON HOWARD'S
Great Play

A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing

Copyright, 1912, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHAPTER VIII.
Libby Prison.

CAPTAIN COX sat beside Hunt's couch and conversed with him in low, earnest tones.

"There are other places," said he, "besides the field of battle, where a man can be brave."

"Oh, no doubt," was the bitter reply. "You find it easy to keep up your courage when I am in despair."

"What do you mean?"

"You know. We were boys together, and I have always put up with second best. You've always stood in front of me, Tom Cox—at school, at sport, in business, in love."

"Tell me one thing," urged Cox. "Have I ever played you false?"

"No, you haven't. You haven't needed to. Your cursed fatal good luck does it all for you."

"Now you talk like a whining child."

"No, I don't. At this moment your heart's inmost thought is identical with mine. Marie Mason—great God! How my heart beats at the speaking of that name! Marie—she was the one woman in all the world to me. Why did you cross my path there, too, when it was as sure as fate that her preference would fall on you?"

"If it was fate, what's the use of talking about it now?" retorted Cox doggedly. "And to what avail to either of us now can that girl's favor be? You know she is an irrevocable southerner, like all the rest of her family. You know that I came out for the Union, as you did, when the first gun was fired on Sumter. Perhaps you don't know, but I will tell you now, that when I left Lexington she—Marie Mason—said she would rather see me lying dead on the battlefield wearing the southern gray than marching against her people in the blue uniform of the north. That was our parting. Well, you and I have drunk from the same canteen. We have fought side by side in the same battles; we have both won our captain's swords—and lost them. Now, in misfortune, we are still together. And yet, on the petty pretext of disparity in our lots, you would banish the one ray of sunshine penetrating these prison walls—our old comradeship."

"You are well and strong. I am ill," pleaded Hunt.

"I don't forget that, either," murmured Cox, softening.

"I've talked too much, I suppose. It's all over now. Here's my hand, if you will take it."

Cox did not take it immediately, but answered:

"It's all right, Ralph. Only give me a little time to get over it, for you cut deep, old fellow."

At this moment a sudden silence fell, and a general movement and whisper made themselves manifest. Enter Captain Jackson Warner, the prison commissary.

"Evening, Yanks," was his gruff but not unkindly greeting. "What deviltry are you up to now?"

"Talking over old times and old comrades, captain, that's all," replied Cox gently.

"Well, you may have an opportunity of seeing some more o' them 'ere old comrades o' yourn, I reckon, before long."

"What? Are we going to get out?"

"No; they're coming in here. I suppose you've heard the news?"

At these words a young lieutenant who had sat silently in an opposite corner reading a copy of the Richmond Dispatch weeks old, threw down the paper and listened attentively.

"Let us know the worst, Captain Warner," urged Cox. "We're used to it—haven't got feelings any more, you know. What's the news?"

"Oh, some more fighting in the valley, you know. Yanks licked out o' their boots again, as usual. More prisoners, more hard luck stories."

"What's that?" cried Deacon Hart. "Another fight? More prisoners? Oh, Lord!"

"You're on the religious, aren't you?" inquired the commissary scoffingly.

"I'm a shouting Methodist these forty years, thank the Lord!" answered the deacon, holding his hand of cards behind his back.

"Well, your shouting hasn't benefited Abe Lincoln nor yourself very much so far. You'd better swing around and pray for Jeff Davis, I reckon, and be on the safe side."

"Never, till this right hand"—putting out his left with the cards, then jerking it back and holding up the right—"shall lose its cunning."

"Oh, go ahead, deacon, and pray for Jeff Davis if they want you to," suggested Cox. "He'll need it before this war's over."

"You can talk with your friends just from the front about that," retorted Warner gruffly. "Here's one of 'em coming upstairs now."

A measured tramp was heard approaching outside. The commissary opened the door, and the new Union prisoner was marched in between two guards. He saluted and introduced himself.

"Gentlemen, permit me. I am Colonel Coggswell of the Forty-second New York."

"The Tammany regiment of New York city!" exclaimed Lieutenant Bedloe, sotto voce.

Captain Cox returned the newcomer's salute and responded:

"We have heard of you, colonel, and we are right proud to meet you. My comrades here are Captain Hunt of Kentucky, Chaplain Hart of Indiana and Lieutenant Bedloe, from—why, from your own state, I believe. I am Captain Cox of the Tenth Kentucky."

Colonel Coggswell shook hands all around and said:

"I am fortunate to have the honor of sharing your quarters. I don't suppose you find it exactly lonesome here."

"The place is quite populous. It seems as if the fortunes of war had picked out the flower of our army to pine away in infernal holes like this. Oh, for an hour of action!"

"Just wait till the exchange," said the hopeful Hart. "With a dozen men like us they might redeem a whole Confederate regiment."

"I understand," said Ralph Hunt gloomily, "that their idea is to get the well kept Confederate prisoners back from the Union camps and send us as living skeletons in exchange."

"Do you think, Colonel Coggswell," asked Cox, "that things are going as badly with us in the valley and elsewhere as they try to make out?"

"Yes, and a sight worse, I should say, at the present moment."

"Then," interposed Hart tragically, "all is lost save honor."

The colonel drew himself up proudly, glanced around to make sure that the commissary and guard had retired, then with a superb dramatic gesture opened the coat of his uniform, which had been tightly buttoned up to his chin, and displayed the stars and stripes wrapped around his body.

"Not all lost, sir. Our colors, by God!"

The prisoners rushed forward, their eyes bulging and cheeks glowing with patriotic ardor. Even poor Hunt rose excitedly from his couch.

"Three cheers, boys," cried Cox. "All together—let her go!"

They gave a rousing round of cheers that brought Captain Warner rushing back into the room.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Remember where you are. This ain't Washington. What are you feeling so ornery about?"

"We were just welcoming an old friend," explained Cox.

"And, besides, cap," interposed Hart, "ain't this Thanksgiving eve? How about them pumpkin pies we ordered and paid for in good United States money?"

"That's a fact," answered the commissary. "Well, the cook tackled 'em, according to directions. They ought to be pretty nigh done by this time. Queer grub, that."

At this juncture the door opened and immediately a joyous commotion ensued.

"Pie, pie! Oh, pumpkin pie! Attention, all! Salute the pastry! Let the noble pumpkin approach its doom with military honors."

The prisoners drew up in line opposite Captain Warner, while in marched a dignified old negress with a red bandanna turban on her head, bearing aloft in both hands a platter containing an enormous pie. This she solemnly deposited on the table, then turned and made her exit in silence, saluted profoundly by the company.

"Chaplain Hart will ask a blessing—will you join us, Captain Warner?"

"No, thank you," replied the commissary, making his exit. "The atmosphere's getting too Yankeefied to suit me, and I'll beg to be excused."

Knife in hand, Hart stood in an attitude of devotion at the head of the table.

"All I can say is, Lord bless this 'ere pie"—then, as an expression of horror and disgust overspread his homely face—"and the Lord help us after we're eaten it! Why, durn my skin, if they ain't gone and put an upper crust on a pumpkin pie! And the pumpkin cut into hunks as big as your fist, without no milk nor sugar, and not half baked, neither."

"The devil! Those Virginia darkies are good cooks, but they don't know what pumpkin pie is."

Deacon Hart carved the pie and distributed slabs all around, remarking philosophically:

"The blacks must be freed and educated. Think of a whole race in such benighted ignorance as this!"

The attack had scarcely begun when Captain Warner once more appeared at the door, making a sign which all the imprisoned officers instantly understood.

"Stir up the animals, boys!" whispered Hart. "Visitors coming."

"Petticoats, too," added Cox, looking out.

A pretty, vivacious young woman, escorted by a sinister looking Confederate officer, who singled out Lieutenant Bedloe with a malicious sneer and received a flashing look of silent scorn and defiance in return, were shown in by the commissary.

"This is the Potomac room, Miss Mason. Gentlemen, a southern lady pays you the honor of a visit."

Captain Cox bowed courteously, while all his comrades stood in the background.

"Madam, be assured of our grateful appreciation. It is a long time since we have seen a woman's face. We are not exactly fixed up for company, but"— At this point he looked into her shining eyes and in sudden overwhelming recognition exclaimed: "Great heavens! Marie—Miss Mason—I am not mistaken?"

"No, Tom," she answered sweetly, "you are not mistaken. Oh, what a horrid place!"

"Yes, you find us at a disadvantage. I say 'us,' for, as you see, Ralph is here too."

"Oh, dear; how terrible! You poor, foolish boys! And how is it with you, Ralph?"

"Thank you—not much worse than when I parted from you at Lexington."

"What a pair of rash, headstrong boys! Why did you desert the south?"

"Wasn't it the south that did the deserting? Oh, but don't let us talk politics."

"It just breaks my heart to see you here, both of you—yes, all of you," said the young woman, looking around sympathetically. Then she took from under her cloak a cigar box and a couple of bottles wrapped in a newspaper and set them on the table beside the sorry looking wreck of the pumpkin pie. "I've brought you a few cigars and things to cheer you up. Wasn't I thoughtful?"

"Bless your pretty face and gentle heart, miss," Deacon Hart said fervently. "What a pity you're secesh!"

"Well, she seems to lean toward the Union side anyway," whispered Colonel Coggswell, as Captain Cox and the fair visitor conversed in low, earnest tones, with their heads very close together.

The Union men had gradually dropped behind the screen of a wooden partition at the far end of the room, while Captain Warner and the other Confederate officer stood just outside the door.

"Why, they have all gone," said the young woman, blushing slightly.

"Yes, we do that when any one has a visitor. Marie, we are alone for a moment."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and began to weep.

"To think we should meet again like this!"

"You didn't come here just to say that, Marie. You are fickle, but not deliberately cruel."

"It is you who are cruel, when you talk like that. Oh, Tom! You know I love you."

"Do I? How?"

"I have come here to save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes—or to tell you how you can be saved, I think. General Winder is coming."

"General Winder, the provost marshal of Richmond? You say he is coming here to Libby prison?"

"Yes, right now—this evening. I coaxed him to get me permission for

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"General Winder, the provost marshal of Richmond."

this little visit first. You know he is an old friend of father's, and he wouldn't refuse me anything."

"Then, there's something in the wind?"

"It's an exchange of prisoners, I think. Anyway, I heard some talk about selecting six officers from your room here. It must be for exchange. You shall be one of the six, Tom."

"And Hunt?"

"Yes, poor Ralph too. That's what I told General Winder. He shook his head and looked very serious, but I know he won't refuse me this, especially as it makes no difference to him whom he selects."

"Good for you, Marie! What can I say to you, now?"

"Hush, they are coming!" she said, pointing to the door.

"Then, goodby, Marie! God bless you."

"I'm sorry," interrupted Captain Warner, "but the time is up."

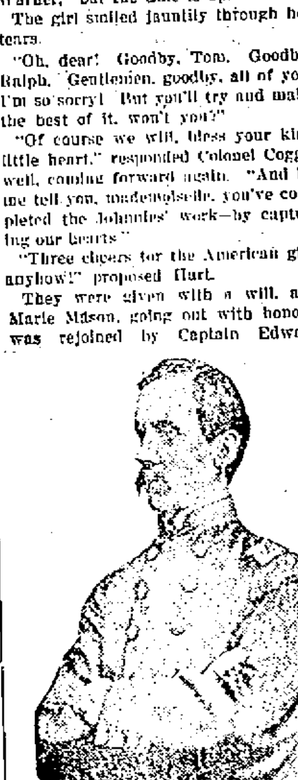
The girl smiled jauntily through her tears.

"Oh, dear! Goodby, Tom. Goodby, Ralph. Gentlemen, goodby, all of you. I'm so sorry! But you'll try and make the best of it, won't you?"

"Of course we will, bless your kind little heart," responded Colonel Coggswell, coming forward again. "And let me tell you, mademoiselle, you've completed the Johnnies' work—by capturing our hearts."

"Three cheers for the American girl, anyhow!" proposed Hart.

They were given with a will, and Marie Mason, going out with honors, was rejoined by Captain Edward



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"Major Paul Revere, Thirtieth Massachusetts."

Thornton of the Confederate secret service, who had watched the scene with a peculiarly cynical smile.

General Winder, provost marshal of Richmond, in full uniform and accompanied by a staff officer, entered and stood at the head of the rough table.

General Winder then briefly announced the intelligence that a Confederate cruiser having fallen into the hands of the Federal authorities, the latter proposed putting the officers and crew on trial for piracy, threatening them with summary execution.

"Under these circumstances," continued the general, "the Confederate States government has felt constrained to give notice that we will hold an equal number of Union men of corresponding rank, chosen from among the prisoners at present in our hands here in Richmond as hostages, to be dealt with in the same manner as Mr. Lincoln shall decide to deal with those of our compatriots now in his power.

"My requisition calls for six officers out of perhaps four times that number from this division. Are there six among you who, knowing the gravity of the situation and I do not deceive you as to its import—are there six among you, I say, who are willing to offer themselves as hostages?"

Every Union man in the room stepped forward, including Ralph Hunt, who arose feebly from his couch.

General Winder was visibly affected at the manifestation, but he pretended to be only perplexed and annoyed.

"What! All of you? But I only asked for six. I see that some definite plan of selection will have to be followed. You shall draw lots."

He took out his notebook, tore some slips of paper from it and directed Captain Warner to pass them around and have each man write his name on one. The slips were then all placed in a hat, from which Captain Cox was unanimously chosen to draw out six names. He did so, one at a time, handing each slip to Captain Warner without looking at it. Warner read the names aloud, and the general repeated them after him, at the same time writing them down in his notebook. They were as follows:

"Major Paul Revere, Thirtieth Massachusetts."

"Colonel Alfred Wood, Fourteenth New York."

"Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, —— Pennsylvania."

"Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York."

"Captain Alfred Ely, Thirty-seventh New York."

"Captain Ralph Hunt, Tenth Kentucky."

Instantly upon the completion of this list Captain Cox spoke up and said:

"General, the last name I have drawn by an unhappy fatality is that of my old friend and comrade, Captain Ralph Hunt. He is a sick man

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"Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York."

and not in condition to go as hostage. With your permission, general, I will go in his place."

While General Winder was deliberating his reply a woman's scream was heard outside the door, and Marie Mason rushed wildly in.

CHAPTER IX.
A Bold Escape.

"YOU shall not do it, Tom!" she cried. "It is not to freedom, but to death, they would take you. Don't go, Tom! The lots decided it fairly, and your name was not drawn. You shall not"—

Here the silent Confederate officer, Captain Thornton, who had followed closely after her, caught her in his arms as she sank back fainting and, at a sign from the general, carried her, with the assistance of Warner, out of the room. Then, turning to Captain Cox, General Winder said:

"Your proposition is out of order, sir, and I cannot consider it. The six men whose names have been drawn will report at once in the commissary's room."

The general and his staff officers retired, while Captain Warner and the guard took up their positions at either side of the doorway.

Hunt, the sick man, who had been helped by Lieutenant Bedloe to a chair, now got up again and grasped Captain Cox's hand, saying:

"Tom, you are the better man of us two—you have proved it in every way. I'm glad Winder wouldn't take you, as it is far better that I should go. All the same, you meant it, old fellow, and it was sublime."

"Why, Ralph," said Cox chokingly, "we are comrades—old comrades. Say no more, but I wish to heaven I could go in your place."

"Attention! Fall in!" commanded Warner.

The six doomed men fell into line, after silently shaking hands with those left behind, Hunt leaning on the arm of young Bedloe, and followed Warner into the outer darkness, for night had fallen and the fitful glare of a couple of lanterns intensified rather than dissipated the surrounding gloom.

Cox paced up and down the forlorn room, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back, for full fifteen minutes in the awed silence. Then he muttered:

"This is the last blow. Deacon, do you ever despair of what they call Providence?"

"Never did yit," protested the sturdy Hoosier. "I can't and won't believe they are going to sacrifice those boys in cold blood. Such things ain't in the bounds of civilization."

"I don't know. How about war itself? Here you have it, the deadliest kind—brother against brother. I tell you, Hart, we haven't seen the worst yet, though God knows there's enough to make the angels in heaven weep already."

"Well, one thing is certain—these hostages won't be sacrificed unless the Confederate prisoners are executed first—so our side will have the first move anyhow."

"What sort of consolation is that to the fellows who get shot or hung?"

Here another violent commotion interrupted. Marie Mason entered—a lone disheveled, bright eyed apparition.

"Oh, Tom!" she gasped breathlessly.

"What—you poor child, are you still here?" Cox exclaimed, this time gathering her unreservedly into his arms. "You must leave this accursed place or you will go mad—if you don't drive us so."

"I've come back to tell you there's more news."

"Of what? Of whom?"

"From Washington—of the Confederate prisoners. General Winder has just received a dispatch."

"Great Jehosophat!" ejaculated Hart. "Didn't I tell you so?"

"What does the dispatch say?" asked Cox.

"I don't know, but it is favorable, I am sure—that is, there aren't going to be any executions. I heard the general say that much."

"Here comes the commissary," announced Hart.

"For God's sake, Captain Warner," said Cox, as that official reappeared, "don't keep us in this horrible suspense another minute! What's the latest news?"

"There's a woman about—what more do you want?" replied Warner. "She overheard a secret about a minute ago and as a natural result it's all over the place by this time."

"I beg of you, cap, on my bended knees," pleaded Hart, suiting the action to the word.

"Well," said the commissary captain, very deliberately taking a paper from his pocket, "I suppose you-uns may as well be put out of your misery. Here's a copy of the dispatch General Winder has got from Abe Lincoln. I thought the Washington government would back down."

He handed the paper to Cox, who read eagerly aloud:

President learns from New York trial of Confederate cruiser prisoners resulted in disagreement of jury. Leniency to be shown. Proposed holding of Union hostages in jeopardy at Richmond unnecessary. Question of exchange referred to separate negotiations pending on that subject.
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

"You see! I was right this time," said Marie triumphantly.

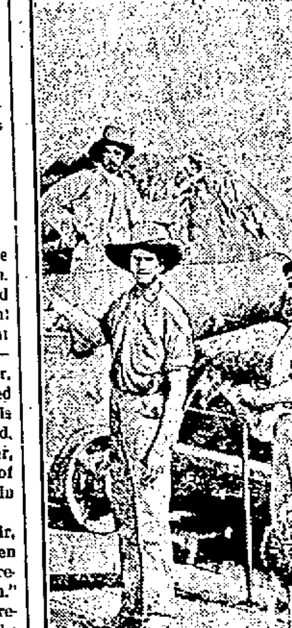
"Hooray! Here come the boys back!" cried Deacon Hart. "What did I say about faith in Providence? This is going to be a blessed Thanksgiving, even if we ain't exchanged yit."

"Oh, Tom, this is your last chance!" whispered Marie as the tramp of approaching footsteps was heard outside.

"Last chance for what?" asked Captain Cox, with exasperating stupidity.

"Why, to kiss me."

Such was life, as it wore along in the Libby warehouse prisons. Sometimes, as in the instance just related, the emotions of years were crowded into a single hour. Ordinarily, the heavy days dragged so that each one seemed a weary lifetime. The hope of exchange was ever hope deferred. Plots and plans of escape served to beguile



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"The 'uniforms' were anything but uniform."

the intolerable ennui of captivity and to bring a passing flush of excitement to wan cheeks—and that was about all.

A warm brotherly affection had sprung up between Captain Ralph Hunt, the weak but courageous consumptive, and Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, the youthful spirit of that sad community, who was more or less a mystery to his closest comrades, yet who bore a sort of "daredevil" reputation even among those who knew him but slightly or not at all. Bedloe fairly burned to be free and fighting again, and he lost sleep straining at the idea of escape. He had been in every forlorn hope of the kind since his arrival and was under special surveillance perhaps on this account, perhaps at the instance of a certain Confederate secret service officer, Thornton by name.

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CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40 *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Flint Corner (10 min.), *6.55, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *8.25, 6.40 every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52. (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22, p. m.

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SHENANDOAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

Other Union prisoners in Libby were allowed occasional visitors and received presents of food and clothing from home. No such remembrances ever reached Lieutenant Bedloe. No letters came to him, nor was he known to write any. It was even uncertain to what state he belonged, and if he had a home, relatives or friends he never made any allusion to them. War was war, not a picnic, he said. Once a soldier, it was "all off" with other ties. His one object was to win military distinction, meaning rapid promotion for conspicuous gallantry.

Precisely the opposite of this fierce and somber obsession was the character of Ralph Hunt—frank, gentle confiding, childlike in some qualities as well as in some weaknesses. But he loved Bedloe, and his own ambitions, as the tide of a blighted life slowly but surely ebbed, merged into one grand desire to do something for the strong, high spirited, dashing comrade who had contributed so much to cheer the horrible gloom of prison existence.

The opportunity came in an odd and unexpected way. Hunt's kind southern friends had the happy thought to replace his dilapidated uniform with a new suit of clothes—citizen's clothes of course, and of the good homely material known as "butternut." As a matter of fact, the whole Confederate army, especially after the first year of the war, was sprinkled with butternut of various shades. The "uniforms" were anything but uniform. A gray coat, a gray pair of trousers, or a gray hat, sufficed to mark the followers of Lee and Jackson, and some soldiers went through all the campaigns clad in their home garb as farmers or mountaineers. A supreme service was devised for Ralph Hunt's new suit the very day it arrived.

"You are the man to get away with it, Frank," insisted the owner of the clothes. "The opportunity is wasted on me."

"Ralph is right," declared Captain Cox. "You can make as good use of your liberty as any officer here, Lieutenant Bedloe. No, don't think of me I have something else in view for myself."

So it came about that one morning when Captain Warner had been replaced by a subordinate named Turner at acting commissary and the guard for the Potomac room had been newly changed, a gawky youth in butternuts (Frank had contrived to shave off his beard and mustache) slipped out behind the officer who had perfunctorily counted the prisoners and in a twinkling was mixed up with the free southerners who lounged about the place on one pretext or another, though he was still on the wrong side of the railing that constituted the dead line. Here Turner was stationed, sitting at a desk just within the pale.

"Hello, cap—do they keep you busy?" drawled the youth in butternuts matching his clothes with the assumed accent of a North Carolina tarheel.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the official, glancing up from his records, "and what are you doing here?"

"I'm from No'th Ca'lina, and I followed the gyard in so's as to git a look at them 'ere Yankee prisoners. I'm goin' to the front tomorrow an' I thought before I went I'd like to see what these Yanks looked like."

"Go to the front and be cursed, and there you'll see more Yanks than you want to. Now, get out of here and stay out."

"All right, cap, you needn't be so sassy abaout it," retorted the supposed tarheel as he lurched out through the wicket and made for the door, where, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek he winked at the armed guard and passed out.

Here was where Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, daredevil, demonstrated his old self again. Instead of disappearing with all possible celerity, as any man of ordinary nerve would have done, once escaped from Libby prison, he deliberately crossed the street to the vacant lot opposite and stood there a minute or two with his hands in his pockets, gazing up at the barred front windows of the big brick building to see if any of his late comrades in captivity had ventured across the dead line to catch a glimpse of his actual departure for "God's country."

A few pale faces could be dimly discerned within. To these Frank waved a parting salute, murmuring, "Goodby; I hope we'll meet again somewhere else."

Then he slouched off in the direction of the Rocketts, down the bend of the James river.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They Went Together.

Tom Meyers was a peddler in a humble way in Chicago, and he and his outfit were well known in the poorer quarters. His wagon was old and rickety, his horse had seen years of service in a street car line, and the peddler was old and feeble as his horse, which, by the way, bore the impressive name of Baron.

Saturday is always a busy day with peddlers, and one very cold Saturday Peddler Meyers had an unusually hard day. As he drove home late in the evening he noticed that Baron looked sick. He gave him a good supper of oats, rubbed him down and then went to his own supper.

An hour later he again visited Baron and found him worse. He applied such remedies as he could, and then, finding that the horse evinced a desire to lie down, he led it out of the stable and up the street.

Around and around the block he led Baron, and in the early morning a policeman found the horse lying on the street and the old peddler by his side with an arm on the animal's neck, and both were dead.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Curious Marriage Ceremony.

A Bedouin marriage does not take much time. The bridegroom kills a sheep and spills the blood on the sand of his father-in-law's threshold, and the wedding is over.

SIRES AND SONS.

J. W. Trail, six feet five inches high, is St. Louis' tallest policeman.

President Elect Wilson is an advocate of the good roads movement.

Baby John Jacob Astor, New York, has $10,000 a year for his support.

General Putnik, commander in chief of the Servian forces, is idolized by the whole army.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, who will succeed James Bryce as ambassador of Great Britain to this country, is not a stranger, having at one time served as secretary of the embassy at Washington. He was born in 1859.

Professor John A. Lomax, member of the faculty of the University of Texas, whose fad, that of collecting American folk songs, has developed into a business, has been elected president of the American Folk Lore society and has also been given a Sheldon fellowship at Harvard in recognition of his services in this field.

Sir Charles Eliot, the new principal of Hongkong university, is forty-seven years old and speaks twenty-three languages fluently. For many years he was in the diplomatic service, and in every country to which he was sent he mastered the language, beginning with Russia in 1887. In 1890 he brought out a Finnish grammar. For some time he was secretary to the Washington embassy in 1898.

Winter Baseball.

Willie Keeler has been retained by Charlie Ebbets to coach the young Brooklyn players in the art of batting next spring.

Manager Fred Clarke of the Pittsburgh club will next season begin his fourteenth consecutive year as manager of the Pirates.

Arthur A. Irwin has been appointed business manager of the New York American League club by President Frank J. Farrell. Irwin has been the club's scout for several years.

The Denver Western League club has purchased Outfielder Butcher from the Cleveland club of the American league. Butcher finished the 1912 season with the New Orleans club, though he remained the property of the Cleveland club.

Culinary Don'ts.

Don't have a hot oven for simple milk puddings or the milk will curdle.

Don't forget fresh meat should be put in boiling water, salt meat in cold water.

Don't let soup boil, only simmer, as the excellence of the soup largely depends on this.

Don't fry anything unless the fat is boiling, because it makes the food heavy or sodden.

Don't forget in boiling meat that it must not be allowed to boil. In boiling vegetables do not let the boiling stop.

Don't wash meats more than is absolutely necessary, especially game and fowl, because it has a tendency to destroy the natural savor or sweetness.

Current Comment.

The certainty that the fourteen inch gun can penetrate the thickest armor afloat at seven miles becomes less important than the chance of its exploding.—New York World.

Since there are no longer any guns on the gun deck or any berths on the berth deck, the naval authorities have wisely decided to abolish the names.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It will soon be time for the icemen to announce that ice will be dearer next summer, either because the winter is mild or the product too thick to handle.—Cleveland Leader.

Preventable Disease.

Old Colonel Pestilence continues to be one of the most stubborn foes that armies have to encounter.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Typhoid fever, it is estimated, costs Americans about $100,000,000 a year, and no person who has had the disease will ever say it is worth the money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cholera killing 10,000 out of 21,000 cases reported in one province of India in a month is described as not being as severe as usual. What would they call severe anyway?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Household Hints.

Basting threads when saved should be wound on a spool; otherwise they get hopelessly tangled and cannot be used again.

A fern ball hung in a window will often break an awkward space. It is decorative, too, and will add a touch of living green to a room that will be agreeable.

To clean an enameled bathtub wipe it dry and then rub it with a cloth dipped in turpentine and salt. Afterward wash it with clean warm water and it will look like a new tub.

His Excuse.

"You seem like a spiritless creature. I don't believe you've got enough ambition to open your door when Opportunity knocks."

"Don't be too hard on me, ma'am. I ain't never had a door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Indian Runner.

A certain variety of duck, called the Indian runner, will produce more eggs than a Leghorn hen, according to a writer in the Country Gentleman, and the young ducklings grow four times as fast as chickens.

Put Himself In Bad.

The Spinster—Your face is so familiar to me, professor. I'm sure we've met before. Distinguished Foreigner—Very likely. I vos in dis country ven I vos a young chap.—London Opinion.

BOSSISM.

The boss merely as a political organizer is not dangerous; merely as a manager who commands the organization and gets out the vote on polling day he is not to be feared, and he is an almost necessary instrument of politics. But the man we call boss is the agent of those who wish to control politics for their own interest. I have known some of these gentlemen personally, and I know exactly how they work. They haven't any politics at all. That is the point, and there is no difference between a Democratic boss and a Republican boss, because neither of them is working for his party. They are both working for their clients, and their clients wish to see that men do not get into office who thwart them and that laws are not passed that embarrass their business. And the chief supporters of the Democratic boss, if he happens to be in the majority, are often those most closely associated with the Republican boss, and vice versa.—Woodrow Wilson.

LOWLY PRAISE.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong.
—Jean Ingelow.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama canal is an important thing, not perhaps for the immediate present so much, but continually and in a growing degree. I don't look for great changes in commerce at once. Of course the canal will bring other cities closer to New York, which will be a great thing for bettering commercial relations. What one admires about the canal—at least, the way I look upon it—is the way it has been constructed. It is one of the finest exhibitions of the American thoroughness, administrative power, financial and industrial strength and skill. I think it is a wonderful monument to the American people, and I sincerely hope that this magnificent contribution made by the American people to the commerce of the world will never be allowed to become a source of ill feeling. We don't want to see another canal built in that part of the world. We want to see the United States reap the full fruits of its enterprise and expenditure, so far as this may be found consistent with her own obligations to the rest of the world.—Sir George Reid, High Commissioner For Australia.

ATHEISM.

God exists. We cannot doubt and we cannot prove it. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of humanity, in the universe which surrounds us. The conscience feels him in its most solemn moments of sorrow and of joy. The universe manifests him in the order, harmony and intelligence of its motions. The first atheist was without any doubt a man who was concealing some crime from men and sought by denying God to free himself from the sole witness he could not escape and so to still his self torment.—Mazzini.

THE PRUDENT MAN.

The man who lives within his income is naturally contented with his situation, which by continual though small accumulations is growing better and better every day. He is enabled gradually to relax both in the rigor of his parsimony and in the severity of his application, and he feels with double satisfaction this gradual increase of ease and enjoyment, from which having felt before the hardship which attended the want of them. He has no anxiety to change so comfortable a situation and does not go in quest of new enterprises and adventures which might endanger but could not well increase the severe tranquillity which he actually enjoys. If he enters into any new projects or enterprises they are likely to be well concerted and well prepared. He can never be hurried or driven into them by necessity, but has always time and leisure to deliberate soberly and coolly concerning what are likely to be the consequences.—Adam Smith.

FOOTPATHS.

Footpaths give a private, human touch to the landscape that roads do not. They are sacred to the human foot. They have the sentiment of domesticity and suggest the way to cottage doors and to simple, primitive times.—John Burroughs.

Misery Ahead.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."—Detroit Free Press.

The Scrap Book

The Impression He Gave.

The learned English jurist, Judge Willis, was a very democratic and genial sort of a man. On one occasion going home in an omnibus which landed him at an inn known as the Green Man, he as usual passed the time in friendly discourse with the passengers. To one housewife who had been marketing he delivered a well meant lecture on the purchasing power of money, the tariff, free trade and domestic and political economy. To other passengers he talked freely and dispensed counsel and advice indiscriminately. Arrived at his destination, he intimated to the conductor, "I want to get out at the Green Man." Accordingly the omnibus slowed down, but as he was leaving his seat a lady touched him on the sleeve and earnestly inquired, "My good man, don't you think you've had enough?"

The Humble Hero.

He was not of the royal blood,
He did not seem to know his worth,
But in our common brotherhood
He was a hero of the earth.

God gave him grace to work and wait
And strength and patience to endure
And faith and hope which, soon or late,
A crown of triumph would insure.

He looked not to the heights for fame
Nor walked where wild ambition leads,
Content on earth to wreathe his name
With kind and helpful little deeds.

The world seemed brighter for his smile,
And hearts were glad to have him near,
Broadening life's nobler scope the while
He moved within his humble sphere.
—Joseph W. Humphries.

Clear Case of Madness.

John Blank of Ohio is a politician of considerable influence in his state. One evening when he was in Washington he was invited to dine at the home of John R. McLean, who dabbles in Ohio politics and costly tapestries.

Every time Mr. McLean hears of a tapestry sale in Europe he peels off a section of his bank roll, hands it to an agent and tells him to blow it in on the hangings.

Blank's appetite was very poor that night. Apparently he was in great physical pain or felt the gnawing clutch of a secret sorrow. When he got back to Ohio he made this mournful announcement:

"I've always heard that John R. McLean was a wise old guy. It's a mistake. That old fellow is as crazy as a loon. He took me in to dinner in a room where there was absolutely nothing on the floor and all the carpets were hanging on the wall."—Popular Magazine.

Well Confirmed.

The Rev. Joshin Kimber, in his reminiscences in the Living Church, tells the following anecdote of the late Bishop Horatio Porter: "He had been journeying up the east bank of the Hudson river, stopping for confirmation each day at adjoining parishes. When he reached Poughkeepsie he saw a woman at the rail waiting for confirmation whose face he was sure he recognized and was somewhat familiar with. He was also certain that she had been confirmed within the week at another place. The bishop whispered to her to remain after service and said: 'My dear madam, what do you mean by coming for confirmation? I am sure I confirmed you Monday at such a place. Did I not?' She said: 'You certainly did. I have been following you up the river and have been confirmed every day this week.' He, astonished, said, 'Why did you do that?' Whereupon she replied, 'Because I heard it was good for rheumatism.'"

Reeves and Toole.

Sims Reeves told this story in his "Reminiscences:"

"I was playing the part of Tom Tug in company with my excellent friend J. L. Toole, who was also a member of the cast. In 'The Waterman' a word or two of gag is held to be permissible, and, partly to amuse the audience, partly to astonish my excellent fellow actor, I said to him in a certain scene in reply to his question:

"'What's the meaning of all this?'

"'The meaning of it is that you've been made a tool of, and I'm a happy fellow.'

"Johnnie looked very much surprised, and, as a popular comedian does not if he can help it allow himself to be scored off, after a moment's reflection, during which he must have suffered the keenest agony, replied:

"'So it sims.'"

Fierce Cheese Eaters.

A noted writer was aboard a steamship at Montreal and just before the vessel left on her trip for Liverpool was watching the loading of an enormous quantity of Canadian cheese. A number of schoolteachers were on the boat bound for Quebec, and these young ladies were very much interested in the loading of the cheeses. One of them asked the writer how many there were.

"The ship takes on from 15,000 to 25,000 cheeses every trip," he truthfully informed her.

"How—how many people are there on board?" she asked.

"About 1,200 this trip."

For a moment the young lady regarded him in astonishment; then she looked at the cheeses being loaded by the hundred.

"It's truly wonderful!" she gasped. "I never would have believed it if I had not seen them with my own two eyes. And only 1,200 people! Goodness me, they must be fierce cheese eaters!"—Judge.

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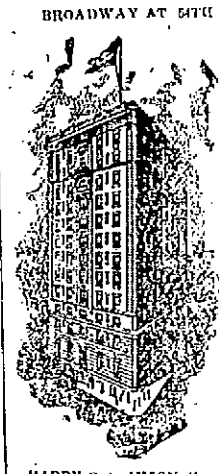

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, January 18, 1913.

A Western newspaper wants to name the Culebra Cut in the Panama Canal, "Goethals Gateway." We second the motion.

It has taken the R. I. House of Representives two weeks to get its rules adopted. It does not look as though that body would do much rapid work this session.

The members of the General Assembly are anxious to know how they are to pay their car fare this winter; some philanthropic ladies might get up a rummage sale for their benefit.

It looks as though the railroads of the country were going ahead notwithstanding the many attacks that are being made upon them. They have ordered 48,500 new cars and 470 locomotives.

The price of kerosene oil is now precisely double what it was before the wicked Standard Oil Co. was "busted" into thirty-five seperate pieces. Trusts are "busted" and the consumer pays the cost.

Some of the newspapers of New England are beginning to appreciate the fact that they have overdone it just a bit in their abuse of President Mellen; and they are wondering if they are not adding to his popularity rather than detracting from it.

California oranges and other tropical fruit from that section will be scarce this winter owing to the killing frost. Florida claims to have enough to make up the deficiency. It was only a few years ago that Florida was devastated by a severe frost. It is lucky both parts of the country do not suffer at the same time.

The winter is now half gone and Old Boreas will have to work lively the remaining six weeks to get to his usual amount of cold weather. Still they say that winter never rots in the sky; so we may get all the winter we want yet. Some optimistic individual has gone so far as to predict a big ice crop before spring sets in. We would not advise the icemen to bank too heavily on that prediction.

The Fitzsimmons — O'Shaunessy — Gerry combination, as the Providence Tribune calls it, is busy parcelling out the plums that are to come to the Rhode Island Democrats after March 4th. They have slated Peter G. Gannon of Providence for U. S. District Attorney, Thomas P. Haven of Providence for U. S. Marshal and Judge Fitzsimmons himself for Postmaster of Pawtucket. That is as far as formal announcement goes, but they have many more appointments under consideration, including the postmaster for Newport.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has amended the parcel post regulations to permit printed descriptive matter to be sent in parcels. There should be many other amendments to this law before it is worth much. For instance it should include books and all forms of printed matter. It should permit the bills for the goods to be inclosed in the parcel, and not compel the sender to be put to the extra expense of letter postage for sending the bill for a small amount. These changes would meet with immediate and universal approval. Books and eatables should enjoy a lower rate of transportation than any other form of merchandise.

The practice of the committees of the Rhode Island General Assembly in reporting back only such measures as they propose to pass, has been much criticized in many quarters and by many semi-political organizations. Every year the minority have sought to have a rule made compelling the committees to report back everything referred to them. The practice in the General Assembly of allowing committees to pigeonhole such measures, as it is called, follows strictly the practice of the Congress of the United States. In opposition to this is the practice in Massachusetts for example, compelling the committees to report back everything. As a result of this requirement the Massachusetts law makers are in session seven or eight months in each year, and most of that time is wasted in the discussion of measures that ought not to pass and do not pass finally. It is a well known fact that three-fourths of all the measures introduced in all legislatures are introduced for buncombe. They are never expected to be acted upon. They are put in for notoriety or for political effect, or to please some body of cranks, or perhaps the individual crank who introduces them. There is little use in taking the time of the entire body in discussing such measures. But they say good measures are held back too by the committees. That may be so but if it is it is the fault of the entire legislative body. The majority if it wishes to pass a measure can take it from any committee and put it on its passage at any time, so the effect of keeping measures in committee is only the holding back such matters as the majority does not intend to pass. The fate of the measure, then, is the same, whether held in committee or allowed to come back before the entire body for an unlimited, useless discussion and final oblivion. We think the Rhode Island way is the best.

Too True.

Prof. Hadley of Yale says America may lose its greatness if temper shown by recent unreasonable attacks on railroads is not changed: "In our endeavors to control corporations we too often try to lessen their efficiency. We are appalled by one railroad accident and we suggest that every engine should have two engineers instead of one. A fast train run off the track and a government officer suggests that people ought not to want to travel so fast. A people that believes in divided responsibility and waste of time has no future. Germany will be only too glad to get ahead of us. We shall deal with the problem of corporate regulation more effectively if we are willing to appreciate efficient service. Also we must develop technical training, in which Germany has been so successful."

Democratic consistency was well illustrated on Tuesday in the General Assembly on the adoption of rules and the appointment of Committees. In the Senate it has long been the practice for that body, following the precedent of the United States Senate to appoint its own committees. This is the universal practice of all, or nearly all, legislative bodies that are presided over by officers not chosen by themselves; or in other words where the constitution designates the presiding officer. This is the correct practice, for it frequently happens as has been the case in this State, that the presiding officer is not in harmony with the majority of the body over which he presides. And while the majority is held responsible for legislation the presiding officer might hamper all business by making up the committees of the opposite political faith. That principle is recognized everywhere and is everywhere accepted as the true principle except with the little handful of Democrats in the State Senate, who every year consider it their duty to protest against the Senate's appointing its own committees, and demand that that duty be left to the Lieutenant Governor, who is by law the presiding officer, though the Senate has nothing to say about his selection. This year the Democratic leader, Senator McKenna, protested as usual saying: "I know that I am butting my head against a stone wall in my opposition, but I am opposed to the method in force. I believe that the Lieutenant Governor should be vested with the right to appoint the committees. Why don't you give him that power?"

In the house the Democratic leaders were equally vociferous for taking the power away from the Speaker, although that officer is chosen by the members and is a member of the body and naturally in harmony with the power that elects him. Mr. Dillon of Cumberland, one of the Democratic leaders, advocated taking the power to appoint committees away from the Speaker using this language: "Our sister body, the Senate, elects its own committees. Why should we not do so? I hope the members of the opposite side will support this amendment and give to this House the power it should have." Mr. West, the real Democratic leader, in seconding the motion said: "We ask you to do what you were sent here for, assert yourselves and give to the House the power of selecting its own committees."

The leaders in the two bodies should get together and study consistency.

There will be an important meeting of the Put-in-Bay celebration committee in Cleveland Ohio on Saturday January twenty-fifth; at which time action will be taken which will be of great interest to people of Rhode Island. Work is progressing very rapidly on preparing the foundation at Put-in-Bay Island; the open winter aiding the contractors much. If the corner stone is laid on next Fourth of July, as is now contemplated, those who go out there then will find a large amount of progress made. Of course the monument will not be completed next September when the one hundredth anniversary of this great battle takes place, but it will be far enough along to show the multitude that will attend the exercises what a beautiful structure it will be when completed, which will probably be about 1915. The granite of which it is to be built is now being quarried in Milford, Mass. It will be a beautiful blue granite, and the shaft will be the handsomest one ever erected in this country, costing when completed upwards of a million dollars.

In making up the standing committees of the Senate Newport city and county fared well. Senator R. Livingston Beeckman is a member of the committee on judiciary and chairman of the committee on state property; Senator Wilbour of Little Compton is chairman of corporations; Senator Head of Jamestown is a member of the committee on finance and chairman of the committee on special legislation; Senator Peckham of Middletown is on special legislation and on elections; Senator Anthony of Portsmouth is chairman of fisheries and on special legislation; Senator Wilcox of Tiverton is on finance and on fisheries; Senator Champlin of Block Island is on corporations and state property.

Judging from outward signs we should say that the Providence Journal does not like Gen. Charles A. Wilson very well; but then they have never been known to like anybody very well except ex-Mayor Fletcher, (and they no longer care for him now that there is no occasion for them to boss him) and President-elect Woodrow Wilson.

Chief Justice Edward Church Dubois of the State Supreme Court retires from the judgeship, and will now at the age of 65 enjoy full pay, $6500 annually for life. This is a pretty good reward for sixteen years service as judge. It is no wonder that lawyers seek to be judges. There is probably no state in the Union that is so liberal with its judges as is Rhode Island. There is in fact no other state where they can retire at the age of 65 and receive full pay for the rest of their lives. We have a whole lot more who will be ready to retire in a few years. In the United States Supreme Court men have been appointed to the bench who are ten years older than the retiring age in Rhode Island.

The committee of twenty five have approved ex-Mayor Garrettson's motion to appropriate one thousand dollars with which to celebrate the centennial anniversary of Commodore Perry's great victory on Lake Erie. This is a very wise and patriotic move on the part of the city. The Battle of Lake Erie was fought by Newport men. Six of the nine vessels of the fleet carrying fifty one of the fifty four guns were commanded by Newport men. One hundred and fifty out of the less than four hundred men in the battle were from Newport. Why should not Newport celebrate such a victory? Indeed she would be derilict in her duty if she did not have one of the greatest celebrations in her history.

It is claimed that official figures show indisputably that the New Haven road ranks among the best maintained railroad systems in the country. Analysis reveals the fact that in the matter of equipment maintenance New Haven ranks second to Pennsylvania among the eastern roads; and its upkeep of freight cars is on a higher level even than Pennsylvania's. That will not prevent the papers that are so fond of attacking the New Haven system from claiming that the road is rotten and that it is dangerous to ride over. Facts count for nothing with such papers.

The General Assembly is getting down to work. This week has seen the appointment of the standing committees in each house, and many of the state officers elected in grand committee. Next week the United States Senator will be chosen. There is no doubt as to the result in this case. Judge Colt is the only candidate as far as the Republican party is concerned, and as the Republicans have a large majority of the General Assembly Judge Colt's election seems as sure as anything in the future can be.

Massachusetts settled its senatorial contest on Tuesday with neatness and despatch. The caucus of the Republican members the night before, after many ballots, nominated Congressman John W. Weeks and he was elected on the first ballot. His principal opponent in the caucus was Congressman McCall. It is an interesting fact that both of the leading candidates are natives of New Hampshire.

One of the biggest theatrical contracts ever made has been entered into by Thomas A. Edison and the heads of the big vaudeville interests of the United States. The contract calls for installation of Edison kinetophone, or talking pictures, in more than 100 theatres throughout the country, with aggregate royalties accruing to inventor of $600,000 for first year.

The resignation of Chief Justice Dubois leaves a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench. It is generally understood that Judge Clarke Johnson will be made Chief Justice and that Judge Baker of the Superior Court will be elevated to the Supreme Court. This will leave two vacancies in the Superior Court and there are numerous candidates to fill them.

It is said that Geo. F. Baker, J. Pierpont Morgan's leading ally, is worth over three hundred millions. James Stillman, another great New York financier, but who lives most of the time in Paris, is said to be worth equally as much. Stillman is of Rhode Island origin and has spent many of his summers in Newport.

The rivers and harbors bill as reported to the National House on Monday, carries with it appropriations amounting to $40,800,000. Of this sum $164,800 goes to Providence harbor and $6000 to the river in the vicinity of Providence. The rest of the state gets nothing.

Warwick, the biggest town in the State, if not in the United States, as far as population is concerned, will not be happy till she is made two. The last election was carried by the divisionists, and two bills to that effect have already been introduced in the General Assembly.

A facetious writer speaking of the weather says: Winter is making such a cautious and strategic approach, that he is likely to find the garrison has evacuated into spring before he gets his investment lines established.

It is claimed that the Boston sewage that runs into the harbor is worth one million dollars a year. Wonder some enterprising Bostonian don't corrall that million dollars and save the sewage.

284 officers and 21,018 men in Bulgarian army have been killed or died from wounds or disease in war with Turkey, while 876 officers and 51,000 men were wounded or put on sick list.

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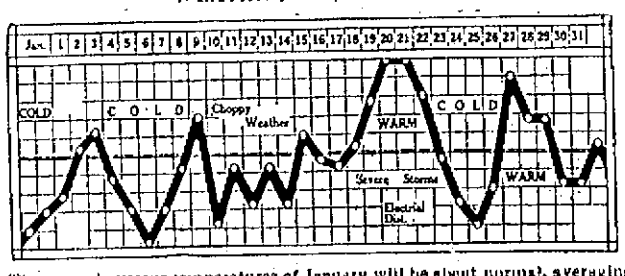
Sustains and Cheers

WEATHER BULLETIN.



The general average temperatures of January will be about normal, averaging colder than usual east of Meridian 90, warmer than usual between Meridian 90 and the Rockies and about or a little below normal on Pacific slope. Precipitation will be less than usual and less than usual average of snow fall. First half of month will have two or three cold waves and last half one or two. A great warm wave will cross continent 18 to 23. For greater details see weekly bulletins. Very severe weather 17 to 23.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much later for east of it. Storms and weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 16, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent January 19 to 23, warm wave 18 to 22, cool wave 21 to 25. This will be a radical disturbance from Pacific to the Atlantic but is not expected to be so destructive as were the storms of first week of this month. In bulletin of December 21 warning was given of the severe storms and blizzards to occur first part of January and no one was so well prepared for them as were those who read those bulletins.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about January 24, cross Pacific slope by close of 25, great central valleys 26 to 28, eastern sections 29. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about January 24, great central valleys 26, eastern sections 28. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about January 27, great central valleys 29, eastern sections 31.

On the Pacific ocean and the Pacific slope this disturbance will be of more than usual force but not very dangerous. It will become more mild as it progresses eastward and in eastern sections will be only a moderate storm. Most rain or snow will fall east of meridian 85 as this disturbance moves eastward.

February promises most precipitation from vicinity of New Orleans to vicinity of Galveston and Houston, within 150 miles of Kansas City, on Carolina coast and in eastern sections about and north of Washington, D. C. Elsewhere the precipitation will be from about to much below the usual February average which we call the normal. March will be warmer than usual and precipitation very much the same as in February. The February thaw is expected 6 to 19 followed by a freeze.

In October these bulletins stated that following Oct. 15 most rain would fall for five months in northern parts of South America, southern parts of North America and in the Caribbean Sea and that dry weather would prevail elsewhere on this continent between the Rockies and the Alleganies. For the summer of 1912 we predicted that most rains would fall in vicinity of the great lakes.

Those forecasts have proven practically perfect up to this time and there is no reason why our forecast for crop weather of 1913 should not be as good. Such forecasts are not based on any great mystery: It is only a question as to where the evaporation will occur. Last fall we calculated that the evaporation would occur for five months in the Caribbean Sea. The north Atlantic high carries the moisture from the Caribbean to the continent and of course deposits most of it along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts. The evaporation for 1913, after April, will be nothing like 1912.

General Assembly.

The second week of the January session of the General Assemoly has seen some progress made in effecting complete organization and getting ready for the transaction of business. The Senate on Tuesday elected its committees and these committees have organized by the election of chairman and clerk. A number of appointments by the Governor have been confirmed by the Senate, and on Thursday the two houses met in grand committee and elected a number of State officers.

The House has had a busy time, the adoption of the rules provoking one of the longest and bitterest fights of a number of years. Representative Levy of this city, chairman of the rules committee, was one of the fighters on the Republican side, being accompanied by Representatives Sumner and Hammill. The fight lasted three days, the whole rules not being adopted until Thursday afternoon. Although the Democrats and Progressives joined forces the rules were finally adopted exactly as reported by the committee.

Next Tuesday will come the election of United States Senator to succeed Senator Wetmore. The two houses will ballot separately on Tuesday, and if the same candidate has a majority in both houses the result will be announced in grand committee on Wednesday. There is little doubt but that Judge LeBaron B. Colt, the Republican candidate, will receive a majority on the first ballot. The Democrats will cast their votes for Senator Addison P. Munroe of Providence, and the Progressives for George W. Parks of Providence.

There is much interest manifested over the changes and promotions to be made in the list of Supreme and Superior Court judges. Judge Clarke H. Johnson will probably be made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Judge Darius Baker of this city will probably be promoted to the Supreme Court. John W. Sweeney of Westerly will probably go on the Superior Court bench, and it is likely that one Democratic judge will be chosen. There is talk of creating a new judgeship and if this is done the place will probably go to Chester W. Barrows.

Among the appointments made by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate are: Andrew K. McMahon to be a member of the State Board of Soldiers' Relief; Michael A. McCormick, member of the board of control of the State Home and School for Children; Dr. George D. Ramsay, member of the board of trustees of the Rhode Island Institute for the Deaf.

A Boston paper says that after Mr. Mellen of the New Haven system is dead the people of New England that are now abusing him will be erecting monuments to his memory.

Gifford Pinchot, formerly chief forester of the United States, made an address before a large audience at Masonic Hall on Monday afternoon on the subject "The Conservation of Natural Resources."

Weekly Almanac.

JANUARY 1913. STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	Water Eve
11 Sat	7 11	4 41	3 17	3 57	4 10
12 Sun	7 10	4 42	4 21	4 52	5 05
13 Mon	7 10	4 44	5 42	5 25	6 00
14 Tues	7 09	4 45	6 42	6 17	6 43
15 Wed	7 08	4 46	rises	7 08	7 37
16 Thur	7 07	4 47	6 17	8 08	8 25
17 Frid	7 07	4 48	7 34	8 43	9 15

New Moon, 7th day, 6h, 28m., morning
First Quarter, 15th day, 9h, 02m., evening
Full Moon, 22nd day 10th 43m., morning
Last Quarter, 29th day 2nd 34m., morning

Deaths.

In this city, 11th inst., Sarah W. Harris, aged 45 years.
In this city, 11th inst., Annie McIntosh, wife of Thomas W. Moore.
In this city, 11th inst., Jefferson Marrow, aged 83 years.
In this city, 12th inst., Amon Parmenter, in his 81st year.
In this city, 12th inst., Julia Ann, widow of Joshua Walker.
In this city, 13th inst., John Curtis, of 58 Bridge street.
In this city, 14th inst., Thomas J. Dunn.
In this city, 16th inst., Reynold F. B. Dash, aged 30 years.
In Portsmouth, 11th inst., William H. Cory, in his 76th year.
In Portsmouth 17th inst., Peleg A. Coggeshall, in his 81st year.
In Tiverton, 14th inst., Caroline F. Brown, in her 86th year.
In Providence, 12th inst., Clifton A. Hall 57; 13th, Charlotte Halstead, widow of James Aborn Chace, 80; 14th, George Henry Ide, 81; 15th, Mary E., wife of Elisha Park, 79.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

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Europe Points Out to Turkey That She Faces Defeat

BALKAN ENVOYS MARKING TIME

Awaiting Porte's Reply to Note of Powers—Policy of Balkan States Is Unchanged, Allies Remaining Firm In Their Bond Against Turk—Balkans For Balkan Peoples

London, Jan. 17.—The official note that the ambassadors of the six great powers will present to the porte will intimate in a diplomatic way that the powers cannot prevent the complete overthrow of Turkey, if the proposals of the allies are not accepted. The note now is practically ready for delivery, but the ambassadors are holding off to await the action of the proposed grand council of the empire at Constantinople.

The peace envoys of the Balkan states announced they would take no further action until the porte's reply to the note of the powers is received. This is taken as a hopeful sign. The envoys acted not on their own initiative, but on instructions from their governments, which were warned by the powers not to act too hastily. The allies' proposal to declare the armistice ended simultaneously with the presentation of the powers' note to Turkey would have completely nullified any effect the note could have produced.

The Balkan kingdoms have not weakened in their determination to reopen the war unless Turkey accepts their terms quickly. They wish the world to know their policy is unchanged. As allies they inaugurated the doctrine of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples," at a time when it appeared almost presumptuous folly to the great nations of Europe, and they declare now that they propose to maintain the right which their united armies won to be considered a great independent nation and manage their own diplomacy according to their own views of what their national interests demand.

They assert that their diplomatic course is a straightforward and frank one. When on Dec. 23 they presented their terms, the Turks, in their characteristic way, thought the allies were bluffing, and, in turn, presented on Dec. 28 counter proposals, which failed to take into account the war and re-established the situation as it was previous to the war. These counter proposals the allies rejected as "unacceptable and undiscussable." Since then the Balkan states have not changed terms one iota, while the Turks have receded all along the line except on the questions of Adrianople and the Ægean islands.

The allies have adopted an attitude of stern firmness in order to convince Turkey that no alternative is possible for the conclusion of peace but the acceptance of their original conditions, but in doing so they have not wished to hurt the susceptibilities of the powers or alienate their sympathies.

Should Turkey refuse to follow the advice of the powers or give an evasive answer, the allies will carry out their plan already announced and ask for a convocation of the conference, at which they will officially break off the negotiations.

WON'T MAKE PEACE TOUR.

Taft Will Take Up Duties at Yale After Retirement From Office

Washington, Jan. 14.—President Taft has completed plans for the first seven months of his citizenship after March 4. He will take up the duties of a law professor at Yale, and will not make a world tour in the interest of peace and arbitration.

He will reside in New Haven, but for three months of the seven he expects to live at Murray Bay, Canada. The president informed friends that he had no idea of going into a law partnership with anybody.

CARS RUNNING IN YONKERS

Had Been Completely Tied Up by Strike Since Dec. 31

Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 17.—For the first time this year street cars were run yesterday afternoon in the streets of Yonkers.

Pending arbitration the striking motormen and conductors of the Yonkers Street Railway company agreed to go back to work and the first car left the barns at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The employment of a "green" motorman precipitated the strike on Dec. 31. About 300 men had been out.

Chief Justice Dubois Resigns

Providence, Jan. 14.—Edward C. Dubois, chief justice of the supreme court of Rhode Island, resigned because of ill health. He had been a judge for fourteen years.

Respite For the Aliens

Richmond, Jan. 17.—Floyd and Claude Allen, sentenced to die today for their part in the Carroll courthouse murders last March, were reprieved by Governor Mann to March 7.

Seven Killed as Launch Explodes

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 17.—Seven persons are believed to have been killed in Hillsboro bay, when a launch blew up and sank, according to advices from St. Petersburg, Fla.

BUT FIVE VOTES IN HIS FAVOR

Conviction of Archbold Means Removal From Office

SIXTY-EIGHT ARE AGAINST HIM

Senate Upholds Impeachment of Judge of Commerce Court by the House—Thirteen Articles Voted on, Although Not Necessary For Removing Him From Bench

Washington, Jan. 14.—Robert W. Archbald of Scranton, Pa., for twenty-nine years an occupant of judicial positions upon the Pennsylvania state bench, the federal district bench and the United States commerce court, was adjudged guilty by the United States senate of "high crimes and misdemeanors," was stripped of his office and forever disqualified from holding positions of public honor or public trust.

The conviction and judgment came as the conclusion of the impeachment trial that has been pending in the senate since last summer, on charges that Judge Archbald had been guilty of misconduct and misbehavior as a judge, and that he had corruptly used his judicial power to further the private interests of himself and his friends in the acquisition of coal land properties in Pennsylvania.

The senate's conviction of Archbald removes him from the federal bench without further procedure.

A verdict of guilty was voted on the first count against Archbald, that he had wrongfully influenced Erie railroad officials to grant him an option on the Katydid culm dump. Conviction on the other twelve charges was not necessary to remove Judge Archbald from the bench, but the senate proceeded. The vote on the first count was 68 against Archbald and 5 in his favor.

Not guilty was the verdict on the second article of impeachment, which charged Archbald with having attempted to secure a fee by settling a case between the Marion Coal company and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. The vote was 46 to 25 in the judge's favor.

On the third charge the senate found Archbald guilty. This charge embodied alleged undue influence on Lehigh Valley railroad officials in a coal dump deal. The vote on the third article was 60 to 11.

The vote on the fourth article of impeachment, charging secret and wrongful correspondence with a railroad attorney on a case pending before him, again resulted in Archbald's conviction. The vote for conviction was 52 to 20.

The fifth vote resulted in another verdict of guilty, this one on the charge of unduly influencing Philadelphia and Reading railroad officials to grant a coal land lease to Frederick Warnke. The vote for conviction was 56 to 6.

Archbald was acquitted on the sixth charge, the vote for conviction being 24 to 45. It alleged corrupt use of influence with the Lehigh Valley railroad in coal land deals.

Article seven charged Archbald figured as a signer and payee of a note for $2500 by W. W. Reissinger of Scranton five days after he had adjudicated an insurance lawsuit in which Reissinger was a beneficiary. On this article he was found not guilty, the vote being 29 guilty, 36 not guilty.

The vote on the eighth article was 22 guilty, 42 not guilty.

Archbald was found not guilty on the ninth article, the vote being 23 to 39.

Articles eight and nine charged that Archbald sent Edward J. Williams to Boland to discount a note for $500 signed by John H. Jones, while the Bolands were interested in a lawsuit being tried before him.

The vote on the tenth article was 1 guilty to 65 not guilty. This article charged Archbald with having received a large sum of money from Henry W. Cannon for defraying the expenses of a pleasure trip to Europe.

Archbald was found not guilty on the eleventh article. The vote charged Archbald with having accepted a sum of money from lawyers practicing before his court to spend on a trip to Europe.

The twelfth article charged that J. B. Woodward, a general attorney for the Lehigh Valley, was selected as a jury commissioner by Archbald while the latter was serving the middle district of Pennsylvania. The allegation was that Woodward served the railroad while selecting juries in railroad cases for trial in Archbald's court. The vote was 19 guilty to 46 not guilty.

On the last article of impeachment, alleging that Archbald had sought credit from attorneys and litigants before him, and had carried on a general business in coal land speculations, the vote resulted in conviction, 42 to 20.

Part Suffrage Defeated

Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 16.—A bill providing for municipal suffrage to a limited number of women was killed in the house of representatives. The vote was 148 to 67.

Aliens Are Refused Retrials

Richmond, Jan. 16.—The supreme court of Virginia refused new trials for Floyd Allen and his son, Claude S. Allen, convicted of murders at Carroll courthouse. Unless Governor Mann intervenes they will be electrocuted here next Friday.

NO SIGN OF FOUL PLAY

But Investigation of Death of Woman in Trunk Is Ordered

Amesbury, Mass., Jan. 17.—District Attorney Attwill requested the police of this city and Medical Examiner Hurd to probe to the bottom the death of Mrs. Charles Victorine, whose body was found in a trunk at the foot of her husband's bed.

Attwill requested the investigation to be continued on the ground of the strange manner of the death. Hurd reported that nothing he could find indicated foul play, and that Mrs. Victorine had died of asphyxiation.

The trunk, in which the body was found after she had been missing for two days, has a broken lock and the mystery is how the woman could have died had she made the slightest effort to open the lid.

Last night State Officer Wells interviewed the husband. He reported that he did not think there was any evidence of foul play. The police claim the woman crawled into the trunk and then pulled the lid with its broken lock down on top of her.

TRUST FUNDS INVOLVED

Further Startling Developments in Bank Tangle at Gloucester

Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 17.—Developments in the tangle of the affairs of the late William A. Pew and the City National bank give indications that one invalid widow's trust fund has been depleted to the extent of nearly $100,000; that a trust fund left to the Addison Gilbert hospital by Rev. J. J. Healey may show an alarming shrinkage because of the worthlessness of several blocks of shares the priest held in the bank, and several women will lose a major portion of their savings, which had been invested in the bank stock.

The shrinkage in the fund of $250,000 left by Healey to the hospital comes to the people of Gloucester with tremendous surprise because of the knowledge of the life-long friendship of the priest and the cashier.

COLEMAN SIFTING JUGGLED ACCOUNTS

Embezzler Leaves Jail to Assist Bank Receiver

Boston, Jan. 17.—George W. Coleman, the convicted looter of the National City bank of Cambridge, is in Boston, explaining to the receiver of the wrecked bank his forgeries, false entries and methods of covering his thefts. Coleman is again at work on the books he manipulated as cashier of the bank.

Guarded by a deputy United States marshal, Coleman has left his cell in the Franklin county jail at Greenfield for at least ten days, and all of this time will be occupied in assisting the bank's receiver, John L. Bates, in preparing his suit against the directors of the bank. Bates has charged the directors with criminal neglect and the responsibility for all losses suffered by depositors of the defunct institution.

Step by step the former cashier is sifting out the accounts which he juggled during his efforts to secure money to "buck" the faro game with "Big Bill" Kelliher.

ON GROUNDS OF PERJURY

Board of Inquiry Excludes Castro From the United States

New York, Jan. 16.—The special board of inquiry at Ellis Island decided that Cipriano Castro, former President of Venezuela, should be excluded from entering the United States. Castro's attorneys immediately announced that the decision of the local immigration authorities would be appealed to the department of commerce and labor.

The reason given by the board for Castro's exclusion was that during his examination he had frequently committed perjury and pretended ignorance of matters concerning which he had knowledge.

BURLEIGH BEATS GARDNER

Ex-Governor of Maine Elected to United States Senate

Augusta, Me., Jan. 16.—Ex-Governor Edwin C. Burleigh, Republican, was chosen United States senator by joint ballot, defeating Senator Gardner, Democrat.

The vote was as follows: Burleigh, 91; Gardner, 82; Thompson, 7; ninety-one votes were necessary for a choice.

The senate had favored Burleigh on a strict party vote, but the house of representatives was unable to reach an agreement, Burleigh and Gardner each receiving seventy-two votes in the lower branch.

Husband Divorces Fanny Ward

London, Jan. 15.—A decree of divorce was granted here against the American actress, Fanny Ward, on the petition of her husband, Joseph Lewis, the South African millionaire. The suit was undefended.

Medals For Gettysburg Survivors

Washington, Jan. 14.—Senator O'Gorman introduced a bill to give medals to all surviving soldiers of the the battle of Gettysburg.

Operation on Actress Campbell

London, Jan. 16.—Mrs. Patrick A. Campbell, the actress, who has been sick for some time, underwent an operation yesterday. Her condition is said to be satisfactory.

Smallpox at Baltimore

Baltimore, Jan. 16.—Twenty-two cases of smallpox are in quarantine in this city.

COMMONS VOTES FOR HOME RULE

Irish Measure Passes Third Reading by 110 Majority

IS SENT TO HOUSE OF LORDS

Bonar Law and Birrell Principals in Climax of Debate Which Has Lasted Fifty-Two Days—Unionist Says Rebellion by Ulster Against Irish Parliament Would Be Justified

London, Jan. 17.—Amid scenes of fervid joy by the Irish Nationalists, which were shared by the other members of the government coalition, the home rule bill passed its third reading and the final stage in the house of commons last night by a majority of 110, and was sent immediately to the house of lords, where it was read for the first time.

It was the climax of a debate which lasted fifty-two days. Every possible vote had been whipped in and the house was crowded.

There were two divisions in the lower house. Mr. Balfour's motion for its rejection was defeated, 258 to 368, while the third reading was carried by a vote of 367 to 257, one member of each side having left the house in the interval.

Andrew Bonar Law, the leader of the opposition, and Augustine Birrell, the chief secretary for Ireland, were the principals in the final encounter.

The Unionist leader, while admitting he had nothing new to say, reiterated his deliberate conviction that no rebellion would be better justified than one by Ulster against the new Irish parliament.

He said he knew Ulster would rebel and she was bound to succeed because the Ulstermen were ready to give their lives for the cause. If a hundred men were shot in the streets of Belfast a thousand more would be ready to take their places and the responsibility of the shooting would be on the government.

Secretary Birrell criticised Bonar Law for attempting to belittle and almost deny the existence of the Nationalist movement, which for years had been the soul of Ireland. He did not deny the Ulstermen disliked the proposed idea of an Irish parliament.

He even admitted that, if the Unionist fears of oppression were verified, the Ulstermen would be justified in offering resistance, but, he asked, how could the present mode of government continue indefinitely? Nobody except Englishmen, he declared, would tolerate the present ridiculous state of things. Birrell appealed to the opposition to help the government in solving this tremendous problem.

The amendment of Balfour to reject the bill was then formally submitted and a division taken. The vote was 258 to 368 against the opposition amendment.

The moment the figures were announced the Irish Nationalists sprang to their feet and began cheering vehemently and the Liberals joined them in the enthusiasm. The Unionists sat very glum and silent.

The division on the third and final reading was then taken and resulted in a vote of 367 to 257 in favor of the passage of the bill. The announcement of this vote was received with a renewed outburst of cheers.

Prime Minister Asquith, on returning to his seat after the second division, was accorded a great ovation. Cheers for the late Charles S. Parnell, John Redmond and the British democracy followed.

WIFE IS BOSS OF HOME

Judge Says She Has Right to Quit If Mother-In-Law Interferes

New York, Jan. 15.—A mother-in-law "can have no say whatever regarding the management and control of the home" which she enjoys with her daughter-in-law and her son, who provide it.

So held Supreme Court Justice Crane in Brooklyn in denying Gardner L. Field a separation from Adelaide Field, who had quit his home after alleged interference by her mother-in-law. Mrs. Field had offered to return if her mother-in-law was banished, but Field had not consented to this arrangement.

Wants Indian Bureau Probed

Washington, Jan. 17.—"There are things in the Indian bureau which should be investigated," declared Senator Townsend, during a sharp fight in the senate over his resolution to have the attorney general investigate the affairs of the Crow Indians. Action was deferred at the end of a long debate.

CREDENTIALS ARE SIGNED

Bay State Solons, in Joint Convention, Declare Weeks Elected

Boston, Jan. 16.—The house and senate met in joint convention to complete the formality of electing Congressman John W. Weeks of Newton as United States senator to succeed Senator Crane.

Because of the decisive majorities received by Weeks Tuesday in each branch in separate session, no roll call vote was necessary in yesterday afternoon's convention. The journal of Tuesday's sessions was read and Weeks formally proclaimed elected.

Governor Foss signed Senator-elect Weeks' credentials late yesterday afternoon and they were forwarded to the president of the senate at Washington.

JOHN REDMOND

Irish Leader Has Long Fought For Home Rule

SMALLEST BABY IS DEAD

Chicken Incubator Failed to Save the Life of a Two-Pounder

New York, Jan. 17.—Baby Joyce, 10 days old and weighing two pounds, died in the big chicken incubator on the Rancecas poultry farm at Brown's Mills, N. J.

The child, who enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest living infant in the world, was placed in the incubator in the hope its life could be saved. During its brief life the baby shared the home of 50,000 chickens and ducks and hatching eggs.

JESKA SWARTZ AND HUSBAND SEPARATE

Lived Together But Three Days Since Their Marriage

Boston, Jan. 17.—Jeska Swartz, the mezzo soprano of the Boston Opera company, whose elopement and romantic marriage to Arthur Wilson, a Boston newspaper man and musical critic, electrified operatic and musical circles a few months ago, separated from her husband after three days of wedded life together and both parties admit that the separation is final.

Wilson is living in the suite in Hemenway street, which he fitted up as their future home, and Mrs. Wilson, since her return from the transcontinental tour with Alice Nielson, has lived at the Hotel Lenox with her sister.

WOTHERSPOON CONFIRMED

Long Struggle in Senate Over Major General Comes to an End

Washington, Jan. 15.—Brigadier General William W. Wotherspoon was confirmed as a major general of the United States army by the senate, after a prolonged fight behind closed doors.

The ratification of his appointment, sent to the senate by President Taft last August and again in December, ends a long struggle to advance the former president of the war college to the highest grade in the military service.

Senator Bristow of Kansas led the fight against the promotion of Wotherspoon. He named seven generals who he declared all were entitled by experience to promotion ahead of Wotherspoon.

Can't Stop Wife Beating Husband

New York, Jan. 17.—In deadly fear of his wife, Adolph Brown applied for an injunction to prevent her beating him. The judge held that legally it could not be done.

The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps, Dandruff and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Cuticura soap and ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 3, Boston.

Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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It is one of the greatest sources of convenience to pay bills by check.

It not only save time and expense, but furnishes the most valid receipt.

We cordially invite your account subject to check.

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Capital $300,000.00 Surplus and Profits $140,389.

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With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the roast.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS and Now is the Time to LOOK UP AND SEE WHAT SEED IS WANTED. FOR SALE BY Fernando Barker.

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
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Requires no coating for many years
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7-28 tf

USE Diamond Hill BIRD —AND— Poultry Grit,

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST —AND— Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Dealist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel. W. G. BROCKLEHURST, Woonsocket, R. I.

10-27

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Feminine Way.

The women of a far-western town on the eve of the last city election gave a "registration tea." Each voter who came up to register was handed a cup of tea, a macaroon, and his name was announced to the assembled guests. A carnation was then pinned on him by a pretty girl and there were also gardenias for those who preferred the same.

How is this for clean politics?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Scrap Book

Old "Eagle Eye's" Mean Trick.

"Jake Beckley was one of the few players who ever made me look like a monkey," said old Honus Wagner of the Pirates the other day. "It happened in Louisville years ago, and Tim Hurst was umpiring. I was on first base and saw Jake hide the ball under his arm. I told him several times I was wise to such bush league stuff, but Jake pretended he did not hear. Finally, when Hurst was not looking, I grabbed the ball from under Jake's arm and threw it into right field. Then I started for second base, only to have the pitcher throw another ball to the second baseman, and I was run down between the bases. I felt so cheap I could have dropped clean through to China. Beckley had been holding a dummy ball."—New York Press.

Lend a Hand Anywhere.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves
Many a grain both ripe and golden
May the careless reapers leave,
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do.
Fortune is a fickle goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Better Off.

One day during a rehearsal at His Majesty's theater in London, Sir Herbert Tree told a rather incompetent young actor to step back a little. The actor did so, and the rehearsal proceeded. After a few seconds Sir Herbert repeated his request, "A little farther back, please."

The actor stepped back again. Sir Herbert surveyed him critically for a moment and continued the rehearsal. Then for a third time Sir Herbert asked him to stand back a little.

"But," protested the actor, "if I stand farther back I shall be off the stage altogether."

"Yes," agreed Sir Herbert, "that will be much better."

A Turkish Joke.

A certain sultan of Turkey was very fond of gossip and sent for the banker Abraham Beg to learn the small talk of Pera and Stamboul. As Abraham was being conducted to the sultan's residence by the master of the horse that functionary begged him should the sultan question him on the subject to say that the funds were at 30, his majesty having been so informed by his ministers.

Poor Abraham consented.

He had not been long with Abdul Aziz when he was questioned as to the funds and replied as he had promised.

To the horror of the banker, the sultan expressed himself delighted and handed Abraham a large bundle of bonds to sell for him.

Abraham sold at 12 and paid Abdul Aziz 30. The sultan had originated that little "joke."

Prince Danilo's Story.

The patriarchal manners of the little court of Montenegro are well known. King Nicholas lives the simple life of a shepherd king, and his wife has brought up her family herself. Every evening she used to bring the children round her, those daughters whom King Nicholas is once said to have mentioned in reply to the accusation that his country had no exports, and the son, Prince Danilo.

Every night she told them one of the legends of the Black mountains from which their country takes its name, and every night the little children had in turn to tell her a story, the most successful being rewarded with a sweetmeat.

One evening little Danilo was very thoughtful and refused to tell his story, saying he was really too sad.

"Come, come, Danilo; I must insist," said his mother.

"A very short one, then."

"All right, a very short one."

"And you will kiss me after I have told it?"

"It's a promise."

"Well, then, once upon a time there was a Sevres vase, and I have just broken it."

The Sevres vase was a present from the French republic, but Danilo's mother had to keep her word and kiss the culprit.—New York Sun.

The Conductor's Mistake.

A conductor on the St. Louis and Suburban railroad had such a good run of business Sunday afternoon that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many passengers who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations in payment of their fares. The conductor, however, managed to get along fairly well until a woman carrying a tiny infant boarded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a five dollar bill.

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at her baby and made this surprising reply, "Yes; I have been married only twelve months."

Must Be Elastic.

John—There is a stiff breeze coming round the corner. Sim—It can't be so very stiff if it can turn the corner.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Any time is the proper time for saying what is just.—Greek Proverb.

ALASKA'S "SILENT CITY."

Wonderful Mirage That Is Said to Have Been Photographed.

One of the best stories regarding a mirage is that told in Alaska concerning the appearance of a city in the sky. This "silent city" is said to have actually been photographed, and, though there are skeptics, enough people claim to have seen it to make the story interesting.

The first account of this "city of silence" was told by a prospector named Willoughby. He was a miner in California and went to Alaska, where he settled in the vicinity of Muir glacier. In fact, it was Willoughby who piloted Professor Muir when he ascended the immense ice field which now bears the scientist's name. Willoughby always told the story of this city which appeared in the sky with much earnestness, and he carried a photograph which he said he took after several visits to the spot whence the vision could be seen.

When Willoughby first went to Alaska natives told him that at certain times of the year when the days were longest and the atmospheric conditions right they saw suspended in the heavens a town with streets, houses and many different kinds of buildings. So impressed was he that he engaged the Indians to take him to the place where the city could be seen, and in their canoes traveled to the spot.

After several attempts Willoughby at length saw this "silent city," as the natives called it. He said that the atmosphere was so clear that mountains many miles away seemed near and that as he gazed the outlines of a city gradually assumed shape, and building after building came to view. He distinctly saw tall office buildings, churches and spires, houses and every indication that the city was inhabited; but, though he saw it several times, he could never detect a human being. A halo of light seemed to cover all. As he gazed the vision faded and gradually receded. So convinced was he that he was looking at the mirage of an actual city that he made records to show that he had been on the exact spot whence the picture in the sky could be seen.

Willoughby's photograph was crude, but enough could be discerned to lead persons to assert that it was a view of Bristol, England, many thousand miles away. Willoughby told his story in 1888 or thereabouts. Since then several persons have said that they saw the mirage. In every instance the mirage was surrounded by a halo of light which poured a soft glow on roof and walls.—New York Sun.

Jenny Lind Hated Us.

Jenny Lind hated the Americans. She abhorred the very name of Barnum, who, she said, "exhibited me just as he did the big giant or any other of his monstrosities."

"But," said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny Lind."

"Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a showman's hands. I can never forget that."—From "The Courts of Memory," by Mme. Lindenerone.

Wholesale Favors.

The young man entered the president's office and stood first on one foot and then on the other. He dropped his hat, handkerchief and umbrella. Altogether he was in a highly developed state of nervousness.

"Well, well!" said the employer. "Out with it!"

"I have come, sir," said the young man, and then began to stammer.

"Well, speak up! Have you come to ask for the hand of my daughter or a raise in salary?"

"If you please, sir," stammered the young man, "it's both."—Exchange.

Dead or Alive.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called, "Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"Oi'm alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to believe yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."—Philadelphia Record.

Simply a Bad Actor.

The Lady—How did you come to be thrown out of employment? The Thespian—'Tis a sad but soon told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at mub; a mangy and mercenary manger threw mub down a flight of stairs; a dull witted doorman threw mub out into the street, and a twice cursed taxicab threw mub twenty feet. Thus it was, lady.—Judge.

Evolution.

"Of course you believe in evolution?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My own recollections of early days in the west remind me that many a sixty horsepower limousine can trace its financial ancestry back to a 'prairie schooner.'"—Washington Star.

The Main Difference.

"What is the real difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"One is a feast and the other is a funeral."—Baltimore American.

Merely Fiction.

Minerva—Isn't it strange, mother, that all the heroines in novels marry poor men? Mater—Yes, my dear, but that is fiction.—Judge.

Every being that can live can do something. This let him do.—Carlyle.

Where a Trunk Is a Box.

Don't look for the ticket agent at an English railway station, so that you can buy a ticket to your destination. Look for the "booking agent" and "book" to the point, and, keeping in mind that what you really want is the baggage car, hunt up the "luggage van," and, having found it, remember that if your trunk is in it it is in it as a "box," not as a trunk.—New York Post.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL.

How the Great Mass of Correspondence Is Handled Daily.

The president's mail is of such proportions that he cannot, like the business man, read all his letters as a part of the morning's routine. By a carefully developed system, however, the contents of the White House mail are in substance laid before him each day.

The work of doing this falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them, of course, need not go to the president at all, since they are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until they may be taken up for consideration.

Many of the president's letters are purely formal or contain requests for something which cannot be granted. These the clerks answer and the president's secretary signs. The requests for charity are so many that a special "form" has been drawn up for answering them.

Such communications as the president ought to see are carefully briefed—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the president is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

When a large number of persons write on the same subject the letters are bunched and the brief at the top gives the names of those who present one argument and in another list the persons who offer a different view.—New York Press.

VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.

Vivid Descriptions, History and Stories of Adventure.

One of the striking things about the Bible as a single piece of literature is the variety of its literary forms, sufficient, indeed, to appeal to the most widely different tastes. There are excellent examples of the short story all through the historical books, such as the absorbingly interesting account of Joseph sold into slavery and afterward elevated to a position next to Pharaoh himself and the intensely realistic story of Paul's shipwreck, which, were it not too well written, might be an extract from some book of adventure.

The books of which many of these short stories form a part constitute a body of most intimate and fascinating tribal and national history. Wedged in between two of the historical books we find the story of Ruth, a "prose idyll," as delightful as any of which profane literature can boast. The Book of Esther, though not in form a drama, has a plot of dramatic power, in which Haman, who is raised to triumphant satisfaction at the thought of hanging Mordecai upon the gallows, becomes himself the victim of his own vengeance.

At the end stands that wonderful Apocalypse, which is at once an inspiration and a mystery, full of beauty and rich cadences. Interspersed among all the narratives are delightfully suggestive descriptions, sometimes presenting to us the simple life of the shepherd, again the luxurious surroundings of Ahasuerus' court. It is not strange, therefore, that the Bible makes a strong intellectual appeal to lovers of literature and to men of untrained tastes.—Edgar F. Shannon in Sewanee Review.

Sea Gypsies.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burma, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dgs, cats, chickens and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtles or dive for pearl oysters, and at night they seek the shelter of the land. Only in very bad weather do they seek employment on shore. They seem to have solved the housing problem in a manner perfectly satisfactory to themselves and pay no rent or rates to any man.—New York Press.

Divorce in Norway.

It is easier to obtain a divorce in Norway than in any other European country. If a married couple want to part Norwegian law grants a divorce without inquiring into the reason, but as security that the step has been well thought over it provides that a year of separation must intervene between the application and the actual granting of the divorce. The husband and wife have first to apply to a magistrate. He sends them to the conciliation board and if this body cannot reconcile them they are granted a separation order. At the end of a year the ministry of justice is compelled to make the divorce final if asked to do so by either party. The whole proceedings are very cheap, the cost ranging from about $1.25 to $25.—London Standard.

Nero and Big Noses.

Nero never liked a person with a large nose. He flippantly told the sorrowing relatives of Plautus—whom, it is alleged, he killed—that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he discovered that Plautus had so large a nose and if it had been pointed out before he would have certainly spared his life. "Life with such a nose," coolly added Nero, "would have been ample penance for any crime."

Her Opportunity.

Wife—I had better take that hat for 45 shillings. Husband—But I've only got £2 with me now. I'll have to owe them the odd 5 shillings. Wife—Oh, then, I'll take this one for 3 guineas. Five shillings is too insignificant a sum to owe.—London Telegraph.

The Settlement Worker.

Hoax—I thought you said he was a settlement worker? Joax—He is. Hoax—Why, he tells me he's a bill collector. Joax—Well?—Philadelphia Record.

SNUBBED THE KING.

But George of Greece Saw the Humor of the Situation.

An amusing story is being told of King George of Greece, one of the combatants in the war of the Balkan states.

When he goes to Aix-les-Bains, his favorite holiday resort in France, he very often visits the casino in the evenings. On these occasions one of the hotel omnibuses is sent for his private use, and in this he always drives back to the hotel. One evening a lady who was leaving the casino immediately in front of him stepped into the omnibus. The king's equerry made a motion as if to prevent her, but the king stopped him.

"Never mind," he said; "she's not in the way."

The lady, having noticed the attempt to stop her progress and overhearing the king's remark, glared haughtily at the two men, elevated her shapely eyebrows and tilted her pretty nose rather high in the air as the two gentlemen took their seats.

The omnibus started, and after a minute or two the king addressed some

MADE A MOTION AS IF TO PREVENT HER.

remark to his equerry. The latter replied, using the term "Your majesty" rather more emphatically than usual. The lady suddenly realized who they were and, banging on the door, tried to attract the driver's attention, apparently with the idea of making a hurried exit.

"Oh, what have I done?" she wailed. "Heavens, what have I done? Stop, stop! Let me out!"

"Calm yourself, madam, I entreat you," King George said reassuringly. "Even a king is not an epidemic disease!"

An Art Aristocrat.

In "German Memories" Sidney Whitman tells these delightful stories of Lenbach, the famous portrait painter:

Once when asked his price for a portrait Lenbach answered: "That all depends; from 20,000 marks, which I may ask, down to 5,000, which I may be willing to pay for the privilege of painting an exceptionally interesting face."

If he did not want to undertake a commission Lenbach would quote an extravagant price as a simple way out. This happened in the case of a Berlin banker. "But surely that is too much," said the close fisted millionaire. "I bought a portrait which you painted of Prince Bismarck for less than half that price." "That may be," replied Lenbach quietly. "It was a pleasure for me to portray him. But surely, Herr X., without offense, you do not imagine that it would be an equal pleasure to me to paint you?"

Retribution.

A young woman went into a city restaurant for her lunch, but after a glance at the tablecloths and a sniff of the close air she decided to eat elsewhere and started to go out. The proprietor thought that she was leaving without paying for a meal and stopped her. In order to avoid hurting his feelings the girl said:

"I find that I have forgotten my pocketbook, so I can't eat here now." She was hurrying away, but the proprietor was kind hearted.

"My dear girl," he said, "you sit right down and eat! No young woman is going out of my place hungry because she hasn't her money with her. You eat now, and tomorrow you can come in and pay me."

The young woman sat miserably down and tried to eat, and as she left, hiding her pocketbook, she mused: "That's what I get for fibbing! And to think that I must come here again tomorrow too!"—Woman's Home Companion.

They Didn't Need the Water.

"In the days of the old volunteer fire department there was more quenching of thirst than quenching of conflagrations," said Fire Chief Kenlon of New York.

"The volunteer firemen, I'm afraid, were a sad lot of roisterers. There's a story they tell about a fire back in 1869.

"It was a fire at an outlying farm, and when the firemen arrived with engine and hose the buildings were pretty well destroyed.

"The farmer met them at the gate. He said bitterly:

"'No use yer comin' in, boys. There hain't a drop o' water within two miles of us.'

"But the firemen, mindful of the usual merrymaking that accompanied every fire, pushed right on with their apparatus.

"'Oh, that's all right,' they said heartily. 'We don't mind drinking it straight.'"—Boston Herald.

These Boys.

Howard—Hasn't Bachelor waited rather long before choosing a wife? Coward—Bless you, no! He's only had a marrying income since he was sixty.—Life.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men. Mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ALMOST SHIPWRECKED.

Trying Ordeal For the Sailor Who Wanted to Be a Master.

Joseph Conrad, who was a sailor before he turned author, has told of the examination that he underwent for his master's certificate. The examiner began by trying to make him talk nonsense.

"But I had been warned of that fiendish trait and contradicted him with great assurance. After awhile he left off. So far good. Placing me then in a ship of a certain size at sea under certain conditions of weather, season, and so forth, he ordered me to execute a certain maneuver. Before I was half through with it he did some material damage to the ship. As soon as I had grappled with that difficulty he caused another to present itself, and when that, too, was met he stuck another ship before me, creating a very dangerous situation. I felt slightly outraged by this ingenuity in piling trouble upon a man.

"'I wouldn't have got into that mess,' I suggested mildly. 'I could have seen that ship.'

"'No, you couldn't. The weather's thick.'

"'Oh!' I apologized blankly.

"The examiner did not stop there. Difficulty followed difficulty in the imaginary homeward voyage until when just off a lee shore with outlying sand banks the examinee said desperately, 'I shall have to think a little, sir.'

"'Doesn't look as if there were much time to think,' was the sardonic reply.

"'No, sir,' the examinee responded, 'not on board a ship; but, then, I could see. As it is, so many accidents have happened that I really can't remember what there's left for me to work with. Have I two anchors at the bow, sir?'

"'Yes. But there's only one cable. You've lost the other.'

"'Then I would back them if I could and tail the heaviest hawser on board on the end of the chain before letting go, and if she parted from that, which is quite likely, I would just do nothing.'

"'Nothing more to do, eh?'

"'No, sir. I could do no more.'

"'You could always say your prayers.'

"But the exhausted captain of this vessel in multiform distress was not shipwrecked after all. He passed with credit."

Automobile Runs.

Feminine devotees of touring are now called "motoresses."

The great electrical companies of Germany have taken up the construction of motorcars.

Luminous paint is now used on automobiles in England. It is alleged that the glow of the paint on a dark night is so bright that the car is visible for two miles without being fitted with lamps.

Tottering Turkey.

If Turkey is unable to keep up in the big league she will have to go back to the Asia Minors.—Washington Post.

Too many wires, too much reputation and too much overconfidence have done the work for Turkey.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Turkey has long been regarded by political geographers as a piece of Asiatic territory that in some way became misplaced.—Washington Star.

Kitchen Helps.

Things to be fried often stick to the pan if it is new. To prevent this scour the pan thoroughly with salt, rinse well and then dry.

It is a good plan to keep the oven door open part of the time when not in use, so that all traces of gas or odors of food may escape.

To keep white enamel ware from discoloring make a strong solution of baking soda and rainwater and put the utensils in it and boil them hard. They will be as white as new.

YOUR SIXTH SENSE.

The Faculty That Enables You to Preserve Your Equilibrium.

It is almost a 1,000 to 1 bet that you don't know you have a sixth sense. But you have, nevertheless. It is known as the sense of equilibrium.

The sixth sense is located in the semicircular canals of the inner ear, and whenever a person is in danger of falling or losing his equilibrium a warning message is communicated to the brain. For years physiologists have been puzzled to know the function of these canals, because it was proved definitely that they had nothing to do with the sense of hearing or the proper working of the auricular organ. Thus they came to be considered as semicircular tubes, almost at right angles to one another and full of a clear liquid.

Scientists have discovered that these canals enable a person to tell what position he is in no matter whether he is blind or paralyzed. By some peculiar process not well understood they warn us when we are about to fall and give us the consciousness of being in any position assumed.

Steeplejacks and other workers on high buildings who finally lose their nerve and are afraid to go very far above the ground have lost part of their sense of equilibrium. Examinations by physicians in such instances have shown that their semicircular glands were diseased. It was largely by this means that the existence of a sixth sense was dicovered.—New York World.

Crushing.

The English judge, Parry, in his book "What the Judge Saw" tells this story of a very masterful counsel who was not afraid to put even the bench in its place sometimes. On one occasion he was arguing a case when the judge asked for his authority for a certain statement.

"Usher," counsel called out in his most rasping voice, "go into the library and bring his lordship any elementary book on common law!"

Spider's Thread.

The thread spun by a spider is so excessively fine that a pound of it would be long enough to reach around the earth. It would take ten pounds of it to reach to the moon and over 3,000 pounds to stretch to the sun. But to get a thread long enough to reach the nearest star would require half a million tons.

Didn't Like Taxes.

Cases against George Washington appear here and there in old documents. No less than three claims were entered against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked, "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

An Art Critic.

An actor who is known as Lew is of German descent, and his father speaks broken English. Lew says the old gentleman went to a big art gallery recently and came home greatly enthused.

"Saw a fine painting, Louis," he said.

"You did?"

"Yes, it was a fine one—huntreds of people looking at it. It must haf been word a huntret dollars, sure."

"What was its name?" asked Lew.

"Dot I can tell you not, but it was a fine picture."

"Describe it to me."

"Vell," said the old gentleman, "there vas three fellers. Vop vas playing the fife, vop vas playing the drum, and der other hat a headache."—New York Telegraph.

The Void.

Weary Waller—I have a pain in my kummick.

Empty Eakins—I ain't got even that much in mine.—Farm Magazine.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Their Sentimental Journey.

ELSIE SINGMASTER.

The question burst like a blast from a cannon into the silent peace of twenty years. Sarah Ann Mohr and Aaron Konig, to whom it was addressed, gasped as they sat at opposite ends of the bench before Sarah Ann's door in the quiet evening. To Sarah Ann, it was almost an accusation of crime, to Aaron, it was a sudden sharpening of the twinges of conscience that had bothered him for twenty years.

Ollie Kuhns, lounging on his own bench next door, shouted out the impertinent, the outrageous inquiry.

"Sarah Ann!" he said, and waited for Sarah Ann's placid "Yes, Ollie!" and waited again until Aaron, too, had signified that he heard. "Haven't you two been going together long enough to get married?"

Neither Sarah Ann nor Aaron answered a word. Like a fat and startled pigeon, Sarah Ann rose and vanished into the covered alley that separated the two houses; like an angry sparrow, Aaron went hopping down the street.

"Ach! How could anybody say such a thing!" wailed Sarah Ann.

"And, now," said Aaron Konig, when he had shut behind him the door of his little shop, "now I will have to get married!"

"It shames me," Sarah Ann wept. "I suppose all Millerstown is talking over me."

"I would almost rather die than get married," said Aaron Konig.

But Aaron was no coward. For twenty years the Widow Mohr had allowed him to occupy her bench in summer and a rocking-chair in her kitchen in winter. For twenty years she had fed him from her rich store. She had not only treated him to molasses-cake, cold meat, yeast beer, fine cake in the evenings; she had sent him warm crullers, fresh rusks and hot raisin pie—the caviar of his menu—in the morning. She had supported his deep bass with her mellifluous soprano in the prayer-meetings; she held the last note of each stanza until he caught his breath and could swing into the first word of the next. She was on his side in all church disputes. She had visited him when he was sick, she had even mended his clothes. However, hateful might be the state of matrimony, he could not tell Sarah Ann, now that the subject had been broached to them both. But he wished that he might clutch Ollie Kuhns by the throat and choke him black and blue.

The next evening Aaron put on his best coat. It was perfectly true that it so closely resembled his every-day coat that even the sharp-eyed Millerstownians, greeting him from their door-steps as he passed, noticed no difference. To Aaron, who had spent the larger part of the day and night praying for strength to do his duty, it seemed like a sacrificial robe.

The air was hot and thick, and there was the almost constant reflection of distant lightning in the sky. It was the sort of atmosphere that frightened Aaron and made him nervous.

Sarah Ann had not ventured again into Ollie Kuhns's irreverent neighborhood, but sat dejectedly on her back porch. She was mortified and troubled to the bottom of her soul, a fact that Aaron did not observe in the least. He did not think of her; he thought only of himself and his own wretchedness. He did not say good evening; he sat himself down, mouse-like, on the bench beside Sarah Ann's monumental figure.

"Sarah Ann," he said shortly, "Sarah Ann, will you marry me?"

It was evident that Sarah Ann, too, had made up her mind.

"Yes, Aaron, I will marry you," she answered, gently.

Aaron's brave voice gave no hint of the panic in his soul.

"Then let us be married to-morrow. You take the nine o'clock train for Allentown, and I will take the nine o'clock train for Allentown, and we will be married there."

Without another word, ignoring the roll of thunder that had suddenly become ominous, Aaron went out through the little alley, and home—there to realize that he was lost.

When he had gone, Sarah Ann went into the house. She hardly realized that Aaron's behavior was strange. Her first husband, who had left her comparatively rich, after grudging her the money necessary for her clothes during his lifetime, was much more queer than Aaron Konig. Aaron was quiet, he was neat, he was small—she was used to his ways.

She closed the kitchen shutters; then she went into the cellar to get herself a piece of pie. She ate it there, looking about meanwhile at the vine waiting for apples from her fine trees and potatoes from her garden, at the shelf filled with baked things, at the cupboard overflowing with preserves and jellies. Then she went up-stairs. The kitchen was immaculate. Each chair stood in its place, the red table-cloth hung straight. The kitchen might have been a parlor.

She went on into the little sitting-room, as neat as the kitchen, and into the parlor, as neat as both, and then she climbed the stairs. In her room the great bed gleamed white, like the catafalque of a princess. It had a valance and a mighty knotted counterpane, and sheet-shams and a bolster, and two huge pillows and elaborate pillow-shams. On one a sleepy child bade the world good night; on the other, the same child waked with a glad good morning. The edges of the pillow-shams and the sheet-shams and the pillow and bolster-cases were ruffled and fluted.

Sarah Ann glanced into the other bedroom, only a bit less wonderful than this; then she went into the attic, and took from its hook her best black dress, wrapped in a sheet. Back in her room, she laid it at length upon her bed, as if it were the princess herself. Then she looked down upon it.

"Ach, Elend!" (Misery!) wailed Sarah Ann. "Must I then have a man once more in my nice house?"

Worn with sleeplessness and distress, she and Aaron climbed together into the train the next morning.

Just in front of them sat a fat and voluble man, who insisted upon talking to them. Neither had told anyone the purpose of the journey, although now that their feet were so firmly set upon their desperate path, it would not have added to their trouble to have all Millerstown know. The fat man assumed that they were husband and wife, yet it embarrassed neither of them. They were far beyond the point of embarrassment.

"Now I don't have no wife to look after me," he said jocularly. "I am a lonely single man. But I come and go as I like. I come from Reading, and I am going to-day to Sous Beslehem. I am such a traveling man. Now if I want to stay all night I can, and if I don't want to, I don't need to, and it don't make anything out to anybody, and I don't get a scolding, see?"

Neither Sarah Ann nor Aaron made answer. Their hearts were too full. Did not each one know only too well the advantage of single blessedness? Beside, the time of their bondage was at hand. Already the church steeples of Allentown were in sight, already the brake was grinding against the wheels. The fat man called a cheerful good-by to them, but they made no response.

For an instant they stood together on the platform. Beside them a Philadelphia train puffed and snorted; they could make no plans until the noise had ceased.

"I—I think I will buy me some peppermints!" shouted Sarah Ann into Aaron's ear.

But no martial duty was to find Aaron waiting.

"I'll get them for you," he offered.

Sarah Ann shook her head. "I know the kind!" she screamed.

On arriving at the candy-stand, she stood perfectly still. Aaron's offer terrified her. It was but a forecast of his constant presence. Hitherto she had always bought her own peppermints. It was one of the joys of her life. She looked uncomprehending at the candy man when he asked her what she wanted. She did not know—oh, yes, in her heart she did! She wanted to count this iron band of fright that oppressed her; she wanted—it was the first murderous wish of Sarah Ann's benignant life—she wanted to throw Aaron Konig into the river.

Then, as if this monstrous desire bred others as new and strange, Sarah Ann was guilty of the first impulsive, unconsidered act of all her uneventful years. The Philadelphia train puffed more loudly, the conductor called "All aboard!" The steps of the first car were near at hand. Without a glance at the place where Aaron was patiently waiting for her return, without a thought of her base cruelty, Sarah Ann mounted the steps. Before she had found a seat, before she had time to catch her breath the train had started. She was free!

For the first twenty-five miles she sat in a daze of excited joy. She felt a slight air, her heart beat so that she could feel it—she regretted that her life had been spent in such uninterrupted quietude. She paid for her ticket without a pang, she bought peppermints from the train-boy, she invested in a newspaper and threw it away without opening it. She had plenty of money. It would not be like Sarah Ann to go anywhere, even upon a wedding journey, without money. She spread her skirts comfortably over the seat, rejoicing in the wide space. Aaron was small, but even Aaron crowded her.

As she made her plans to stay in Philadelphia overnight, the thought of Millerstown's opinion troubled her. All her life she had great respect for Millerstown's opinion. But Aaron would go home alone, and Millerstown would suspect nothing. Fortunately, Aaron was close-mouthed, and even a loquacious person hardly acknowledges that his bride has fled from him. It seemed incredible, even to Sarah Ann herself, that she could be thus coolly considering the distressing plight of one who had been her friend for so long.

She determined to go to a hotel in the city. It was true that Manda Kemerer lived in Philadelphia, and that it would be sensible and economical to stay with her. But Sarah Ann said to herself that she was not out for economy; she was taking—and the thought brought an excited and unbecoming giggle—she was taking a wedding trip, and economy on a wedding trip is a crime.

For the first half of her journey her mood held. Then, as suddenly as Ollie Kuhns' question had shot out of the dark, and with the steady, constant fire of a machine gun came the reproaches of a guilty conscience. It may have been that the motion of the train, of which she was suddenly uncomfortably conscious, had something to do with her repentance.

She said to herself that she claimed to be a Christian, and she claimed to love her neighbor; but she had treated Aaron worse than an enemy. She prided herself upon her truth, she had acted a wretched lie. As the train passed Jenkintown, she drew her skirts close about her, as if their spread had symbolized her proud heart; when the train entered the suburbs of the city, she wept. But she could not marry Aaron Konig, she could not!

Climbing ponderously down from the train, she started up the long platform, her heart aching. Aaron was her dearest friend, and she could never look at him again. His visits, quiet as they were, had given variety to her dull life.

He was a man of importance in the village; his attentions had gratified her vanity. He had never been anything but kind to her, and she had treated him vilely. Had it been possible for Sarah Ann to blot out the last two hours, and stand once more by Aaron's side on the Allentown platform, there is no telling to what depth of humble atonement she might have plunged.

As it was, she moved helplessly with the crowd toward the waiting-room.

Then, suddenly, Sarah Ann gave a little cry. Just beside her an express about to pass, totally oblivious to her presence, moving rapidly as if he were pursued, was the object of her tender penitence.

"Aaron Konig!" she cried. "Way, Aaron Konig!"

Seized in a firm grasp, dazed by her sudden appearance, which he failed utterly to comprehend overwhelmed apparently by some wild grief of his own, Aaron stood still. For an instant the hurrying crowd protested against this blocking of the path; then it divided around them.

"I am sorry, I am sorry!" cried Sarah Ann. "But I couldn't think of this marrying!"

"I—I will get married if you say so," faltered Aaron. "I—"

Then suddenly, Sarah Ann and Aaron cried out together.

"What are you doing in Philadelphia?" demanded Sarah Ann.

"Did you run away from me?" cried Aaron.

"I—I—I—" stammered Sarah Ann.

"It—it was this way," stuttered Aaron. "I—I—"

Then Sarah Ann took the bull by the horns. Trembling, yet hoping, she asked:

"Don't you want to get married, Aaron?"

Whereupon Aaron, gasping, hating himself, but realizing that the happiness of his life hung on his reply, answered briefly, "No."

"Nor I," said Sarah Ann.

Together they went into the station and sat down. For a long time neither spoke. Then Aaron lifted a tremulous voice:

"It was all Ollie Kuhns."

"Yes," agreed Sarah Ann.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Aaron murmured, "And now, Sarah Ann, let us have a little something to eat."

The trains seemed especially arranged for runaway and repentant lovers. At one o'clock there was a train for Allentown, at five they could be in Millerstown. They ate their dinner, each paying for a share, and then each bought a ticket. They did not utilize the remaining time in sight, seeing, they did not even walk to the windows and look down upon the busy street; they sat side by side, enjoying as of old, their quiet, friendly communion.

Their state of calm continued until their journey was almost over, and in the Millerstown train they sat once more behind the fat man. He explained, with many digressions, unheard by them, why he had decided to return to Reading.

Suddenly an almost purple flush came into Sarah Ann's cheek. Her lips trembled; she seized Aaron Konig by the arm.

"We are almost there!" she cried anxiously. "And what will Millerstown say that we two go away like this and come back together? What will we tell them, Aaron, and what will we tell them?"

The fat man was still talking; had he been dumb for a year, he could not have talked more constantly.

Aaron, as greatly terrified as Sarah Ann, appreciating more thoroughly that the infinite and eternal pleasure that Millerstown would wring from such a joke as this, sank weakly in the seat. His mind put forth vague, inquiring tentacles, as if the roar of the train or the flying fields or the steady stream of the fat man's talk could answer Sarah Ann's question.

"There was a man in the Bethlehem train," the fat man was saying. "He went out on the platform and his hat blowed off, and he came back and he yelled it over the car like a fool. 'My hat blowed off!' 'What do you think, my hat blowed off!'"

The fat man paused for a breath, then went on: "Now he oughtn't to have told nobody. It is dumb to let your hat blow off. If he hadn't told it to nobody nobody would 'a' knowed it. My hat blowed off once and—"

The fat man went on past the village, past the great pipe-mill, through the lovely open country, within sight of the curing hills back of Millerstown, into Millerstown itself. He was still talking when they rose.

"That is it!" said Aaron Konig, almost hysterically, as they went down the aisle. "That is it! If we don't tell Millerstown, Millerstown will never know. Like the man said, Sarah Ann!"

Overjoyed to be back, excited over the boodwinkling of Millerstown, Sarah Ann and Aaron stepped from the train, lovers no more, but friends forever. And to this day, their secret has been kept.—The Youth's Companion.

True Loyalty.

Jenkins, a newly wedded suburbanite, kissed his wife good-by the other morning, and, telling her he would be home at six o'clock that evening, got into his auto and started for town.

At six o'clock no hubby had appeared, and the little wife began to get nervous. When the hour of midnight arrived she could bear the suspense no longer, so she aroused her father and sent him off to the telegraph office with six telegrams to as many frozen Elks living in town, asking each if her husband was stopping with him overnight.

Morning came, and the frantic wife had received no intelligence of the missing man. As dawn appeared, a farm wagon containing a farmer and the derelict husband drove up to the house while behind the wagon trailed the broken-down auto. Almost simultaneously came a messenger boy with an answer to one of the telegrams, followed at intervals by five others. All of them read:

"Yes, John is spending the night with me."—Lippincott's.

Lincoln Features in The Century

The February Century will contain three Lincoln features of much interest. One will be an explanation of Lincoln's secret promise to co-operate with McClellan to save the Union in the event of McClellan's election. A facsimile of the manuscript which is owned by Mr. John Hay, will illustrate the article. John Langdon Keine has written of "Lincoln as a Boy Knew Him", giving several anecdotes both serious and humorous. The third feature will be "A New Story of Lincoln's Assassination", a hitherto unpublished record of an eye-witness, by Jesse W. Weik.

Nothing To Fear.

"George, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?"

"Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted.

"But, dear, she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?"

"He discovered it this morning."

"Oh, George! and what did he say?"

"He said: 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Feminine Mind.

They lived in a little town adjacent to Pittsburgh. Hubby was trying to jolly wifey along to make her forget that she wanted a new spring suit.

"Now," said he, "the town committee is offering a prize for the prettiest lawn."

"What is that to me?"

"Why don't you enter the contest?"

"You know I haven't had a lawn in five years. I haven't even a gingham that is fit to wear."

Moral: You can't take their minds off the subject of dress.—Pittsburg Post.

His Flag Was Up.

When the crowd assembled for their game of ball Johnnie, the pitcher, was missing. Jimmie was sent to investigate.

"Is Johnnie at home?" asked Jimmie of the sister who answered his knock.

"Course," answered the sister. "Don't you see his shirt on the line?"—Success Magazine.

Getting Back.

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl. "I don't want nuthin' to do with you. I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. Is that plain enough English for you?"

"It is certainly plain enough," said the mortified bookkeeper, "but it isn't English."—Chicago Tribune.

"American Cartoons of To-Day."

In the February Century Frank Weitenkampf, author of "American Graphic Art", will review "American Cartoons of To-day", and describe the work of many individual cartoonists. The article will have fourteen illustrations.

Overloading The Canal

Now that the opening of the Panama Canal—our canal—really draws nigh, we seem to be confidently expecting more and more of it. We seem to be pressing forward into the best seats, and waiting for the curtain to rise on and instantaneous prodigy of valor, a very miracle of industrial growth. Something—a new god of commercial prosperity, belike—will spring full-armed from the first tide through the isthmus.

In this case, not distance, but nearness, lends enchantment to the view. As with all honor and credit to the canal and its promoters, it is to be tried under a tremendous handicap.

The canal is a big project. Big projects move slowly. Their advance depends upon a host of lesser objects. Many jubilant citizens, the country over, apparently expect that the formal opening of the canal will disgorge from ocean to ocean an immediate stream of ships, scurrying to carry their cargoes by short-cut to profitable ports. These ports are waiting. Scarce a harbor on the Pacific Coast but anticipates (according to its home papers) a tremendous influx of shipping. The non-partisan observer might readily believe that with the opening of the canal a plume of coal-smoke, flecked with bellying sails, would hand the Pacific horizon from Panama to Portland. From New Orleans and the Gulf up-floats a hum of satisfaction and of preparation; the Atlantic Coast and the transcontinental railroads are presumed to be vying at new schedules of transportation; and the American citizen, whether he be producer or consumer, plans (as would again appear) a new system of business and of living.

This is overloading the canal, at the very start of the journey. It is cruelty to animals, if you please to pursue the metaphor. The canal will live up to reasonable expectations; after it is adjusted and has obtained momentum, it will doubtless live up to now unreasonable expectations. But grant it time to get its breath. A little figuring with pencil and paper should be a wholesome aperient for the present enthusiast who cannot bear disappointment. Yes, even a little quiet reflection, apart from the maddling crowd, will convince the most optimistic that the canal, experimental in its conception, must be experimental for some months after its birth.

The canal is big; the industries which it presumably will aid are big; the life which it ought to affect is big; and results must percolate slowly.

So, ladies and gentlemen, don't crowd the canal. It will be a little dazed and awkward at first. Stand back, and give it air; and wait.—EDWIN L. SABIN in Lippincott's.

Why They Needed Him.

When Senator Taylor was governor of Tennessee he issued a great many pardons to men and women confined in penitentiaries or jails in that State. His reputation as a "pardoning governor" resulted in his being besieged by everybody who had a relative incarcerated. One morning an old negro woman made her way into the executive offices and asked Taylor to pardon her husband, who was in jail.

"What is he in for?" asked the governor.

"Fo' nuthin' but steelin' a hawl" explained the wife.

"You won't want me to pardon him" argued the governor. "If he got out he would only make trouble for you again."

"Deed I does want him out ob dat place!" she objected. "I needs dat man."

"Why do you need him?" inquired Taylor, patiently.

"Me an' de chillun," she said, seriously, "needs anudder nam."—Cleveland Leader.

The Letter of the Law.

F. E. Smith, M. P., tells a story of a county court case he was once engaged in, in which the plaintiff's son, a lad of 8 years, was to appear as a witness.

When the youngster entered the box he wore boots several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at his ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallowtail coat that had to be held to keep it from sweeping the floor. This ludicrous picture was too much for the court, but the judge, between his spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such garb.

With wondering look the lad fished in an inner pocket, and hauled out a sentence with a solemn mein as he did so. "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

Tit For Tat.

While president of the Lake Shore railroad the late John Newell was so opposed to granting passes that he frequently refused to issue them to railroad officials, and when he did he limited such transportation to certain trains.

On one occasion he prepared a parcel of exchange passes and sent them out as usual. Across the end of the one he forwarded to President Caldwell was printed in red ink the words "Not good on limited or fast trains."

Without exasperating delay President Caldwell's annual pass for the Nickel Plate to President Newell arrived. Across the face, in the bold handwriting of President Caldwell, were the words in red ink: "Not good on passenger trains."—The Argonaut.

Troubles Enough in the Wintet.

Last Summer Christy MacDonald was fishing one day among the Thousand Islands, accompanied by a guide, who succeeded in landing a seven-pound fish. That evening a friend proceeded to congratulate her.

"But I didn't catch it," she replied. "It was the guide."

"My dear girl," said her friend, "don't you know that whenever a good-sized fish is caught from your boat you must always claim the credit?"

"Excuse me," answered Miss MacDonald. "I prefer to stick to the truth during the summer. I have trouble enough to live up to my press agents' yarns during the winter."—New York Telegraph.

Wouldn't Be Bossed.

"But' madam," said the surgeon, after the woman had recovered consciousness in the hospital, "why didn't you stop when the crossing policeman held up his hand? Then you wouldn't have been struck by the automobile."

"What! Me stop when Jim Maginnis holds up his hand? I'd let you know I'm his wife, an' he never saw the day when he could boss me!"—Magazine of Fun.

An Altruistic Interlude.

The station was a small and unimportant one, but I was tired of sitting in the cars, so I got up to stretch my legs on the platform. My attention was attracted by a shabby-looking man sitting on a pile of railroad ties beside the track. His dejected appearance led me to accost him, for I have always had a penchant for encouraging the disheartened and for uplifting downtrodden humanity.

"Are you in trouble, brother?" I asked.

He lifted his head, and I saw that his expression was woebegone to the extreme, and that there were tears in his eyes.

"Trouble?" he said bitterly. "Trouble? I can't remember the time when I wasn't in trouble."

"Tell me about it," I urged. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I'm a failure. I've tried and tried, but I don't meet with any success. Other fellows with no more brains than I are making money right along, but every time I try to accomplish anything, I get in the neck. I'm sick of it all, and I'm going to give up trying."

Though the man's coarseness grated on me, I saw that here was an opportunity to do some good in the world. I would cheer up this discouraged brother, and bid him take heart and start anew.

"Don't be downcast," I told him. "Many of our most famous men achieved success only after repeated failures. Never give up! You can succeed, I am sure, if you will only put your whole heart into it."

He shook his head dolefully. "It's no use," he sighed.

"Nonsense!" I said sharply. "Who knows?—the greatest success of your life may lie befor you. You know 'the darkest hour is just before the dawn.'"

After a time, during which I waxed eloquent along these lines, the man's face lost its despondent look, and he held up his head with a new air, a braver spirit.

"I don't know but you're right," he said hopefully.

"I know I'm right," I said firmly. "Now, I want you to promise me that you will try once more. Will you promise?"

He grasped my outstretched hand, and his rather dissipated face glowed with new resolution.

"I will, boss," he said.

Just then the whistle blew, and I had to hasten back to the cars. As the train started, I called to him:

"I say, friend, what line are you in?"

"Well, boss," he replied, "I wouldn't tell it to every one, but you've been mighty square with me, so I'm not going to conceal anything from you. I'm a burglar."—Lippincott's.

Both Guessed Wrong.

"Oh, papa," she said, with a blush, "young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening and he says he wants to see you on some important business."

"All right, my dear," responded the old man, chuckling her playfully under the chin. "I know what the young man wants.

That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once. "Mr. Hendricks," he said coldly, "I want to ask you if you have late in a stock of coal."—McCall's Magazine.

A Famous Story Reprinted.

Recent discussion as to whether the best known stories of the last generation would be accepted by magazines of the present day has suggested to The Century the reprinting of a few of the noteworthy stories by well-known authors appearing in that magazine about twenty-five years ago. The February Century will contain, in this series, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" Frank R. Stockton's famous story, with new drawings by Oliver Herford.

How to Recall Troupe's Name.

The manager of a theatrical company playing a "one-night stand" in Texas was talking to the hotel proprietor regarding the prospects for business, and had been assured they were good.

Then he asked, "What was the last show you had here?"

The landlord thought for a moment, and turning to the clerk, said:

"Say, Fred, what's the name on those trunks upstairs?"—Kansas City Star.

"Is Bliggins trying to drown his sorrows?"

"I don't think so," replied Colonel Stillwell. "The things I saw him ordering up for them made it look as if he were trying to show them a good time."—Washington Star.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

Many a doting father has paid hundreds of dollars to learn that his daughter couldn't sing.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

Man proposes, but it is papa who disposes.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for pain, headache, biliousness, constipation pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

Translated literally from the Hebrew the brew the word sabbath means "to rest."

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

Many a man is in great fear that he will get all that is coming to him.

Hikers ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

Wife John, I haven't a skirt fit to wear.

Husband Well, that's the style, ain't it?—Puck.

"Any man can make a fool of himself."

"True; but with a woman's help it's much easier."

"I have the same experience with my chauffeur as my friend has with his leaky canoe."

"What's that?"

"I'm always bailing him out."—Baltimore American.

Small I have discovered a great labor-saving device.

Tall I always said you were a genius. What is it?

Small I am going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress.—Tit-Bits.

Nell—Isn't Alice soon going to marry Jack?

Belle I don't know. She says she hates to give up the dollar and a half she's got for the 10-cent moving pictures.

"Even if she can't cook you've got to give Green's bride credit for being original."

"What has she done?"

"The other day she made a pumpkin pie with an upper crust."—Detroit Free Press.

Cynicus I wonder why he never married?

Sillicus I believe he was once disappointed in love.

Cynicus Impossible! No man is ever disappointed in love till he marries.—Philadelphia Record.

He So that's your first hobble skirt. Well, how do you feel in it.

She About the same as a mermaid looks.—Boston Transcript.

"Madam, I'm traveling around the world on a wager. I have to make good time or I'll lose my bet."

"Well, I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Hate, Fido."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I should like to have a portrait of my dear departed wife painted."

"Have you a good photograph of her?"

"No, but here I have her wig, her false teeth and her dog, who looks very much like her."—Megenforfer Blatter.

She If fashion makes our dresses any skimpier I really don't know what we women will do.

He I do; you'll wear the dresser.

"What's the zebra sulking about?" asked the head keeper of the menagerie.

"He feels slighted. He's about the only quadruped that hasn't been mentioned as some sort of a political emblem."—Washington Star.

Political Boss—Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him?

Detective Not a thing. All he ever did before he came here was to sell awnings.

Political Boss Way, that's just what we want! We'll say that he had been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions.—Judge.

A vacation is spending all the money you save in a year to go away a few weeks to escape the weather, which does not arrive until after you come back.—Puck.

Lady of the House (engaging new maid)—Remember, we have breakfast at 7.

Applicant—Oh, well, mum, if I aint up, don't wait, mum.

"I see society people at Newport had a baby show."

"Where did they get the babies?"

"It was a loan exhibition, I believe."—Washington Herald.

Wife—Everything is getting higher.

Husband—Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me, and my opinion of you, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us.—Chicago News.

"Did you visit the pyramids while you were in Egypt?"

"Yes, and do you know I couldn't help wondering why they were ever built."

"That's easily answered; they were built to disprove the old proverb that there's always room at the top."—Boston Transcript.

"Tommy Fagg has a marine tendency developing all his amusements."

"How so?"

"If he tries to row he catches a crab. If he goes out in an automobile it turns turtle. If he goes on a fishing trip it is bound to end in a whaling."—Baltimore American.

Mollie—And so you proposed marriage to her?

Chollie—Yes.

"And did she give you any encouragement?"

"Oh, yes."

"Congratulations in order?"

"No, she refused me."

"But I thought you said she gave you encouragement?"

"She did. She looked at me twice before she refused me."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Where does your husband find time to do all his reading?"

"Usually, when I want to tell him something important."—Detroit Free Press.

She (for the 'steen-hundredth, more or less, time)—Oh, darling, do you really and truly love me? He (a little grimly) — Now, look-a-here, Gladys! Do you want me to put up a cash bond?—Judge.

His Good Name.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, enjoys the public confidence in an unusual degree. It was doubtless on this account that a New York promoter recently offered Howells the presidency of a mining company.

"But, sir," Howells protested, "I know nothing about mining or finance."

"Oh, that makes no difference," the promoter replied. "We won't expect you to do any work. We only want to use your name you know."

But Mr. Howells shook his head.

"No," he said. "No I must decline. If my name is so well worth using, it must be equally well worth protecting."

A Studied Insult.

The Postmistress—Here's another postcard for Sue Harper from that young fellow of hers in Oshkosh.

The Assistant—What does he say?

"I dunno."

"Dunno?"

"No. He insults th' whole post office department by doin' all his writin' in shorthand, or somethin' like it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Madgwich, Gilbert, d. Aug. 17, 1714, ag. 62 y.—Common ground.

Madgwich, Mercy, of Gilbert and Abigail, d. Oct. 10, 1718, ag. 23 y.—Common ground.

Magick, Wm. of Gilbert and Abigail, d. Jan. 23, 1686, ag. 10 weeks.—Common ground.

Malboue, Francis, Esq., born Pr. Ann, Co. Virginia, Nov. 27, 1727, d. Jan. 1, 1785, ag. 57, at Newport.—Common ground.

Malboue, Margaret, wife of Francis, d. Oct. 29, 1775, ag. 45.—Common ground.

Malboue, Margaret, wife of Francis, d. Oct. 27, 1775, ag. 45.—Trinity Churchyard.

Malboue, Rotolphus, of Francis and Margaret, d. Aug. 26, 1767, ag. 20 m. 24 d.—Trinity Churchyard.

Mallett, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas, d. Mar. 22, 1694, ag. 55 y.—Common ground.

Malling, James, d. Apr. 16, 1757, ag. 55 y.—Common ground.

Mauet, Ruth, of Francis and Sarah, d. Jan. 31, 1752, ag. 8 mos.—Common ground.

Manly, Capt. John, Esq., d. July 1, 1787, ag. 59 y.—Common ground.

Marchant, Henry, of Henry and Rebecca, d. Jan. 8, 1768, ag. 9 weeks.—Common ground.

Marchant, Hon. Henry, d. Aug. 3, 1796, ag. 56 y.—Common ground.

Marchant, Wm. of Henry and Rebecca, d. July 26, 1772, ag. 2 y. 8 m. 16 d.—Common ground.

Marchant, Henry, of Henry and Rebbecca, d. Oct. 2, 1770, ag. 2 y. 2 m. 6 d.—Common ground.

Marchant, Capt. Huxford, d. July 8, 1747, ag. 35 y.—Common ground.

Marchant, Sarah, wife of Capt. Huxford, d. Mar. 12, 1745, ag. 24 y.—Common ground.

Mardenbrough, Christopher, of St. Christopher, d. July 31, 1783, ag. 72 y.—Common ground.

Marshall, Benjamin, d. Aug. 25, 1785, ag. 46 y.—Common ground.

Marshall, John, of Capt. Peter and Rebecca, d. Sept. 10, 1744, ag. 2 y. 1 m.—Common ground.

Marshall, John, of Capt. Peter and Rebecca, d. Apr. 3, 1746, ag. 9 mos.—Common ground.

Marshall, John, d. Sept. 21, 1725, ag. 40 y.—Common ground.

Marshall, Peter, of Benjamin and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 5, 1779, ag. 14 m. 26 d.—Common ground.

Marten, Elizabeth, wife of Tho's, d. Feb. 6, 1718-19, ag. 75 yrs.—Common ground.

Marten, Thomas, d. July 12, 1718, ag. 65 yrs.—Common ground.

Martindale, Elizabeth, wife of Sion, d. Apr. 12, 1731, ag 21 yrs.—Common ground.

Martindale, Elizabeth, of Sion and Elizabeth, d. May 5, 1731, ag. 1 m. 22 d.—Common ground.

Martindale, Mary, of Sion and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 23, 1730, ag. 8 m. 27 d.—Common ground.

Martin, James, Esq., born Houston, Devonshire, England, d. Feb. 10, 1740, ag. 65, Colonial Secretary.—Common ground.

Martin, James, of James and Esther, d. Aug. 2, 1738, ag. 7 m. 9 d.—Common ground.

Martin, James, Son of James, d. July 25, 1739, ag. 8 w. 5 d.—Common ground.

Martin, Mary, wife of Andrew, d. Oct. 24, 1740, ag. 84 y.—Common ground.

Martin, Sarah, of Capt. Lin and Sarah, d. Feb. 22, 1776, ag. 4 y. 11 m.—Common ground.

Marsh, Carr, of Jon'n and Mary, d. Aug. 9, 1747, ag. 5 mos. 18 days.—Clifton ground.

Marsh, Jonathan, d. June 10, 1701.—Clifton ground.

Marsh, Nathaniel, of Jon'n and Mary, d. Aug. 7, 1742, ag. 12 days.—Clifton ground.

Marsh, Sarah, wife of Jonathan, d. Sept. 21, 1687, ag. 23 yrs.—Clifton ground.

Marsh, Wm. of Jon'n and Mary, d. July 23, 1745, ag. —days.—Clifton ground.

Mason, Elizabeth, of Benjamin and Mary, d. Aug. 8, 1768, ag. 14 days.—Common ground.

Mason, Elizabeth, of Benjamin and Mary, d. Dec. 19, 1758, ag. 19 days.—Common ground.

Mason, Susan, of Benjamin and Mary d. Dec. 26, 1767, ag. 6 y. 9m. 5d.—Common ground.

Matthews, Joseph, d. June 26, 1748, ag. 39 y.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, George, of John and Mary, d. Dec. 28, 1757, ag. 1 day.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, John, of John and Mary d. Sept. 4, 1750, ag. 10 m. 23 d.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, John, —— d. Feb. 28, 1795, ag. 71 yrs.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, Peter Worsey, of John and Mary, d. Nov. 7, 1762, ag. 4 y. 10 m.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, Sarah Ann, of John and Mary, d. May 16, 1771, ag. 3 m. 1 d.—Common ground.

Mawdsley, Sarah, of John and Mary, d. Nov. 21, 1749, ag. 2 y. 11 m.—Common ground.

Mayden, Ann, of John and Ann, d. Sept. 28, 1721, ag. 9 w. 5 d.—Common ground.

Mayden, Mary, of John and Ann, d. Apr. 5, 1727, ag. 4 y. 6 m. 28 days.—Common ground.

Maye, Wm. d. Sept. 28, 1723, ag. about 36 yrs.—Common ground.

To be continued.

Queries

7273. VALLETTE—By tradition, there was a certain Captain Vallette (spelled variously) who was a Frenchman and a prisoner of war. While in Newport 1720 1735 he married a native daughter and had children, or a son at least, Jeremiah by name born about 1735, (Jeremiah, I am supposed to be the name of the Captain himself). This son, Jeremiah, married Dec. 27, 1753, Anne Bissell of North Kingstown, R. I. He being of that place at that time. What I would like is a little light on Capt. Vallette, the name and extenture of his wife and the main facts of the ancestry of Anne Bissell, the wife of the son Jeremiah Vallette (born 1735 abt.) Her father is said to have been John Bissell.—L. B.

7274. ARNOLD—Would like information in regard to the place of birth and parentage of Hillery A. Arnold. I have been unable to get any other information, other than he was born in Providence, R. I., in the early part of the nineteenth century, possibly between 1805-1810.—W. E. D.

7275. SPANISH WRECK—Can any one give me any information about an old ship, supposed to be a Spaniard, sunk at the mouth of Newport Harbor presumably in 1640. I understand that divers have at different times descended to the wreck, have there been any interesting finds?—H. M.

7276. ATWELL—Wanted parentage of Richard Atwell, early settlers of Attleboro, who married Sarah Balcom. She was born Feb. 8, 1704, (daughter of Alexander Balcom, Jr., and Sarah Woodward, of William and Mary Woodward). Richard Atwell was father of Amos Atwell of Providence, R. I.—M. B. N.

7277. SEARLE—Wanted parentage of Robert Searle and his wife Deborah Coulter. He was Town Clerk of Dorchester, died there Feb 7, 1710-17.—M. B. N.

7278. LEE—Wanted parentage of the wife of Walter Lee, who was freeman of Conn., 1654, and died in Westfield, Feb. 8, 1718, was of Northampton, 1656.—M. B. N.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Womens' Foreign Missionary Society of the Friends' Church were entertained by Mrs. Eunice A. Greene at their last business meeting, Mrs. Richard R. Macomber, the president, presiding. The following were chosen for a supper committee for February, Mrs. Edward G. Ruggles, Mrs. William K. Boyd, Mrs. Edward B. Ayler, Mrs. Richard R. Macomber, Mrs. Walter Sowle, Mrs. James M. Estes. A literary program was presented, the following taking part: Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Edward B. Ayler, Mrs. R. R. Macomber, and Mrs. Clara E. Dennis.

The society voted to send a letter of condolence to Mr. Albert W. Lawrence, and letters of sympathy to others who are ill. Supper was served.

Rev. William Sherman of Haverhill, who is conducting the evangelistic services at the Friends' Church, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman.

The Bridge Whist Club met last week at the home of Mrs. Berton W. Storrs, Miss Gertrude Macomber being the hostess. Miss Grace Hicks won the prize, a silver tea-strainer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe F. Levins are in Providence helping to care for the former's mother Mrs. Enos.

Charles E. Boyd has left for a visit to New York and New Jersey.

Mrs. Lucy Anthony is ill.

Mrs. Israel Oswell, formerly of this town, is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Thomas of Newport.

Miss. Cora Mitchell of Bristol Ferry who has been visiting in Brooklyn will join a party going to Riverside, California, where she will spend the winter. Miss Mitchell is visiting friends in Ridgeway, N. J. at present.

Mrs. May has returned from a visit of six weeks spent with her son Louis May and family of Brooklyn.

William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., met with Mrs. Seth DeBlois of Newport Saturday afternoon. The regent, Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, presided at the business meeting when a delegate and alternates were elected to the Continental Congress to be held in Washington in April, as follows: Delegate, Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham; Alternates, Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh, Miss Evelyn B. Chase, Mrs. Seth DeBlois, Mrs. William O. Milne, Mrs. John H. Bryer, Jr.

Mrs. Ella Brownell is ill at the home of her sister Mrs. Fannie Southwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman have had as guests the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bliss of Newport.

Mrs. Warren R. Sherman who has been ill with grippe, is somewhat better.

Mr. S. F. Alfred Patterson of Boston is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Eldredge of Bristol Ferry.

Mr. William Henry Cory died at his home last Saturday evening from an attack of heart trouble. He had been in poor health for some time but his last illness was very short, lasting only about an hour. He was seventy-eight years of age and had been married fifty-two years, his wife being Miss Emily Doty of Bristol. Besides his widow, he leaves three daughters, Mrs. John L. Tallman, Mrs. Clarence Brown, and Mrs. Albert C. Hall. Another daughter, Miss Nellie Cory, died more than fifteen years ago. Mr. Cory was the only son of the late Joseph and Sarah Fish Cory of this town. The funeral services were held on Wednesday at his late home, the burial being in the Portsmouth Cemetery.

Mr. William W. Anthony spent Wednesday in Newport, the guest of Ezekiel J. Brownell.

Mrs. William F. Brayton, who has been ill for some time, is somewhat better, so that she is now able to go out a little. On Wednesday she was the guest of her cousin Mrs. Francis P. Conway.

Mr. Benjamin Pierce who has for many years occupied a position with George A. Wyatt and later with his son Berkeley Wyatt has severed his connection with the business. William Wyatt has taken his place.

Miss Gertrude Macomber read the part of Audrey, the country maid, in the play "As You Like It," given for the benefit of the fire sufferers in Newport Tuesday evening by the Unity Club.

Miss Jean Barclay of Glen Farm has been elected book-keeper by the Board of Directors of the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building. Miss Barclay will begin her duties with the Association next week.

For Your Favorite Songs

"A stitch in time saves nine"—why not safeguard your music with the 3 1-2 foot high Cabinet and also add to the decorative effect of the parlor fortunate in its possession? The effectiveness of the handsomely grained imitation Mahogany will be heightened if you attach a bright colored curtain to the six hangers of the brass rod at the top.

There are five deep shelves in addition to the base shelf and each one is full 20 inches wide. For its convenience alone it is well worth the Titus fair price of

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For the March Issue of This Company's Directory on

January 22, 1913.

Changes of listing and applications for telephone service should be made before that date.

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THE most reliable lantern for farm use is the RAYO. It is made of best material, so that it is strong and durable without being heavy and awkward.

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BIGAMIST MAKES A BREAK

Slips Handcuffs and Is Quickly Swallowed Up by Crowd

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 17.—Harry W. Reynolds, a convicted bigamist, shook off handcuffs as lightly as he had taken off the bonds of matrimony and escaped from a chain gang returning from court to the county jail.

Reynolds was shackled in a line of prisoners last evening. The men had been sentenced in court during the day and were being taken to the county jail. When the head of the line had almost reached its destination, a crowd of shoe workers came flocking out of a factory.

Reynolds seized opportunity by the forelock, slipped his wrists from the hitherto perfectly good handcuffs, and was swallowed up in the crowd.

DESERTS REPUBLICANS

Ex-Speaker Walker of Massachusetts Legislature a Bull Moose

Boston, Jan. 16.—Ex-Speaker Joseph Walker, the Republican candidate for governor in the last campaign, has left the Republican party, of which he has been a life-long member, and has joined the Progressives.

In a statement given out last night, he declared that in the election of John W. Weeks to the United States senate the Republican party showed that it is dominated by reactionary forces.

Russia Bars Foreign Flyers

St. Petersburg, Jan. 14.—The cabinet has issued an order prohibiting foreign balloonists and aviators from crossing the western frontier for six months. Anyone violating this order, it is announced, is liable to be shot down.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 11th, 1913.

Estate of Nella W. Harisborn.

PETITION in writing is made by Earl P. Mason, of said Newport, praying, for reasons therein stated, that A. Livingston Mason, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Nella W. Harisborn, a person of full age of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the third day of February next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

1-18-3w

Newport National Bank.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport National Bank held January 14th, 1913, the following gentlemen were elected Directors: Albert K. Sherman, George W. Sherman, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., William Stevens and Simon Hart.

At the meeting of the Directors the following officers were elected:
George W. Sherman—President.
Albert K. Sherman—Vice President.
H. C. Stevens, Jr.—Cashier.
William Stevens—Asst. Cashier.

H. C. STEVENS, Jr., Cashier.

1-18-3w

National Exchange Bank.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of this bank, the following gentlemen were elected Directors: Edward A. Brown, David Brannon, Edward S. Peckham, Frederick B. Coggeshall and Ralph R. Barker.

At a meeting of the directors, the following were elected: Edward A. Brown, President; David Brannon, Vice President; George H. Proud, Cashier; Everett S. Greason, Teller; Harold R. Chase, Clerk.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

1-18-3w

Rhode Island NORMAL SCHOOL

Spring Term Begins
Monday, Jan. 27, at 9 o'lock a. m.

High School graduates admitted to regular course and Kindergarten-primary course at this time. For catalogue or other information apply to Walter E. Ranger, Secretary Trustees, Box 1511, or to John L. Alger, Principal, R. I. Normal School, Providence.

1-18-2w

OFFICE SUPPLIES.

Typewriters,
Ribbons,
Carbon Papers,
Blotters,
Blank Books,
Inks, Paste & Mucilage,
Pencils, Penholders, etc.

—AT—

CARR'S.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATINS.

Newport, Sc. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Martha M. Pierce, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Martha M. Pierce and Bertram C. Pierce, now in parts to the said Martha M. Pierce unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Bertram C. Pierce of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport within and for the County Newport on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1913, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

1-4-4w.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Newport, Sc. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Catheryn A. Couch, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Catheryn A. Couch and Stephen Couch, now in parts to the said Catheryn A. Couch unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Stephen Couch of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1913, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

1-4-4w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, January 4th, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of MARY A. STEVENS, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-4-4w CHARLES C. STEVENS.

"Merit"

Your Children

Should be given the benefit of a musical education which will fit them for the positions they will soon assume.

Practice won't bother them they WILL ENJOY LEARNING TO PLAY if you buy them ones of the world famous

JEWETT PIANOS

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Stop in and see them.

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140 THAMES STREET,
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You Want a Running Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, convenient lavatory for rooms which have no plumbing connections.

This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and stop for and costs no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage.

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That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Rowe Sanitary Lavatory.

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11-16

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Notice to Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

6-15

Mrs Datus—Is your daughter making well?

Mrs. Argo—Mildest, she'll never need to worry where the gasolene is coming from.—New York Globe.